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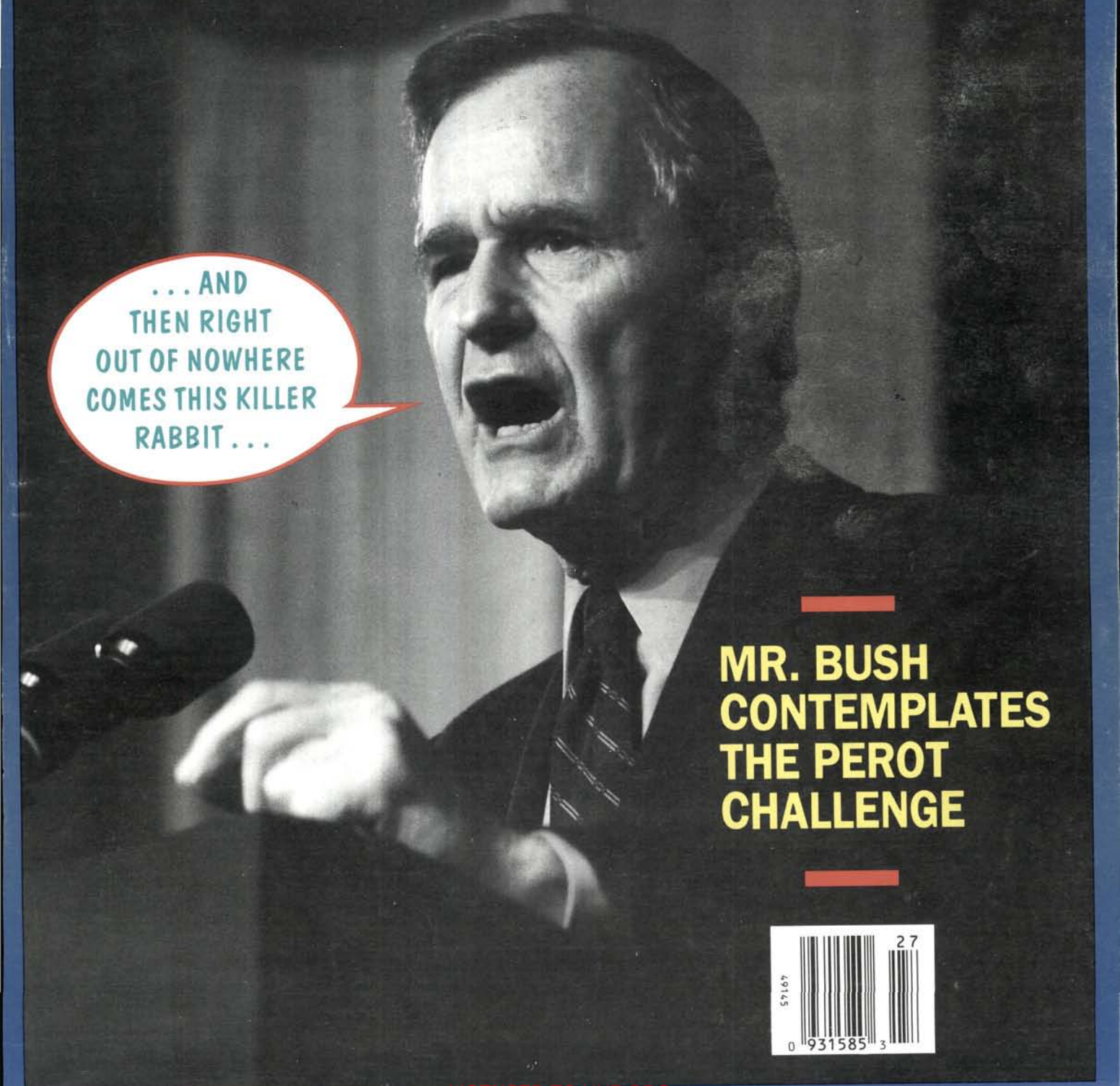
# NATIONAL REVIEW

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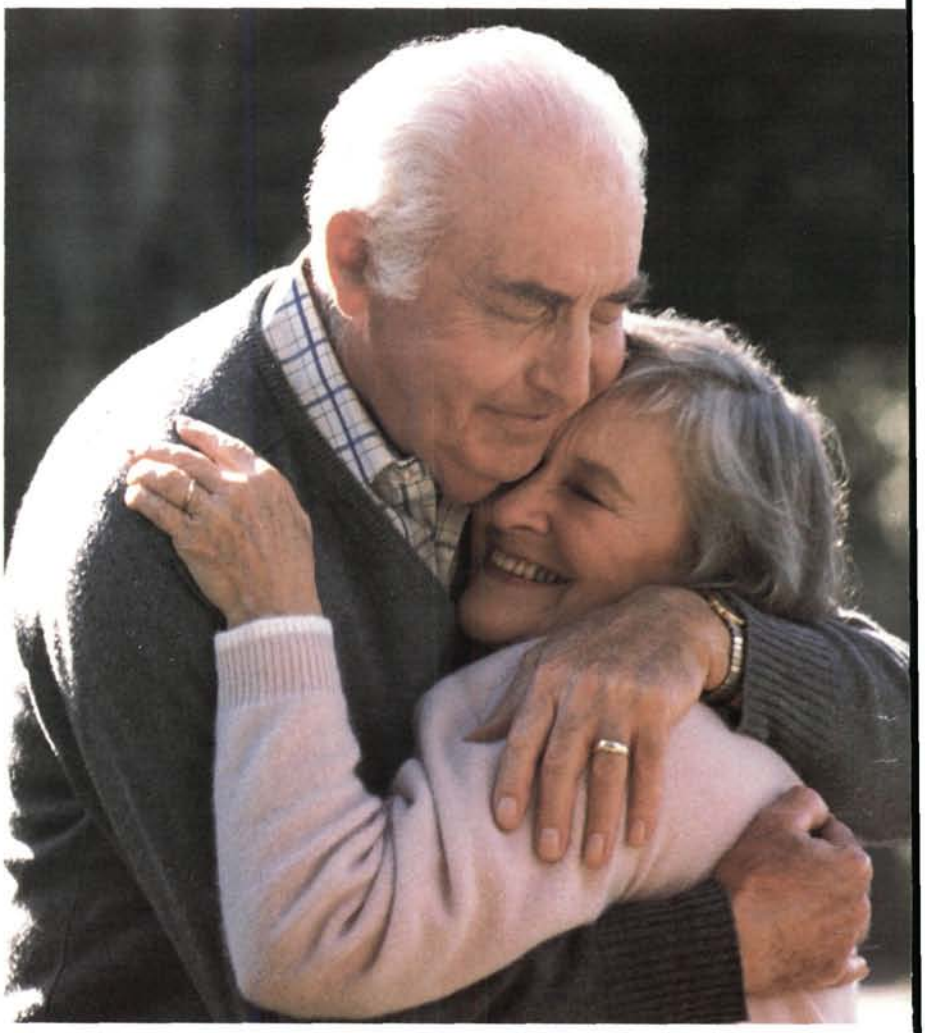

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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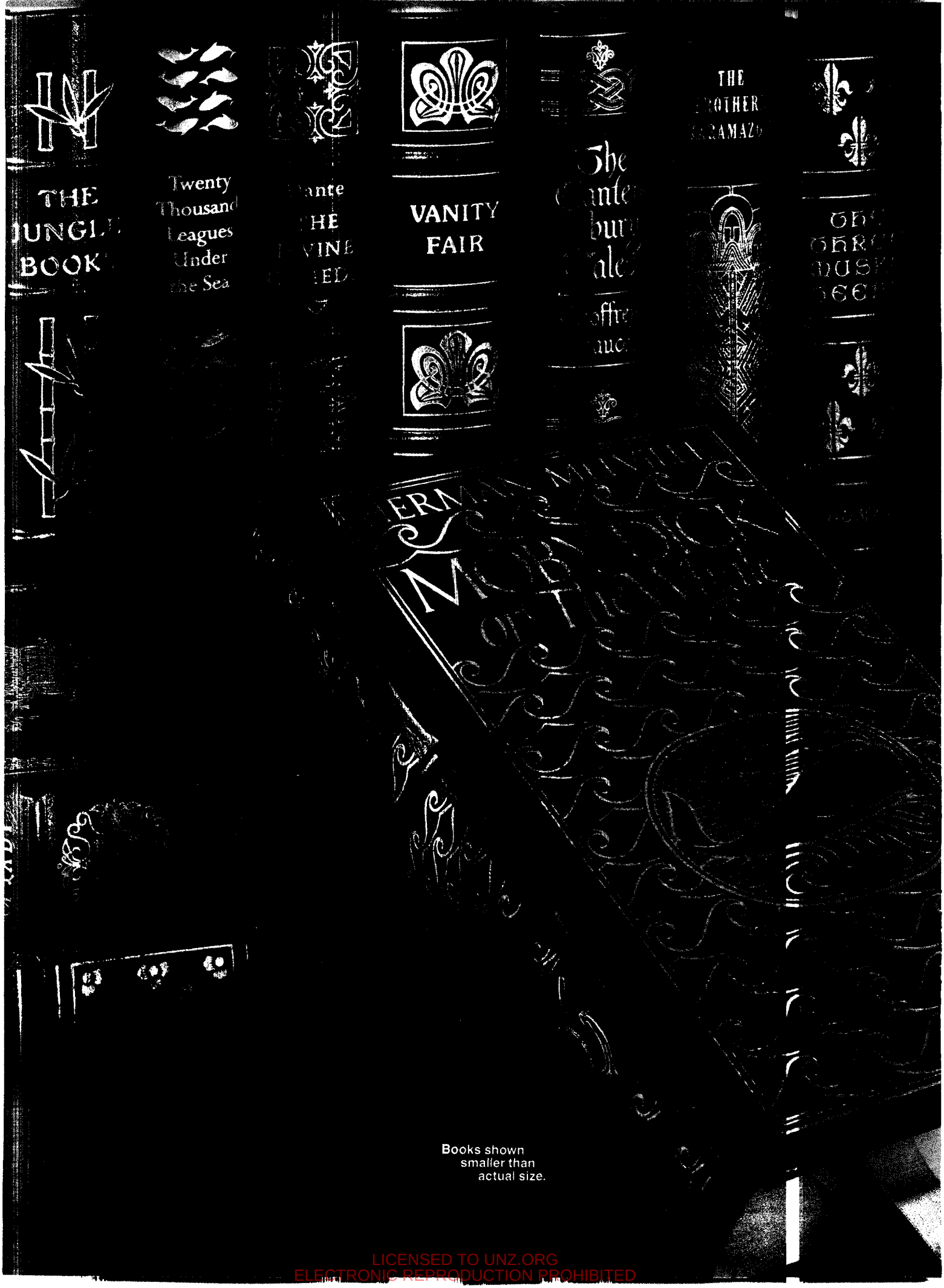


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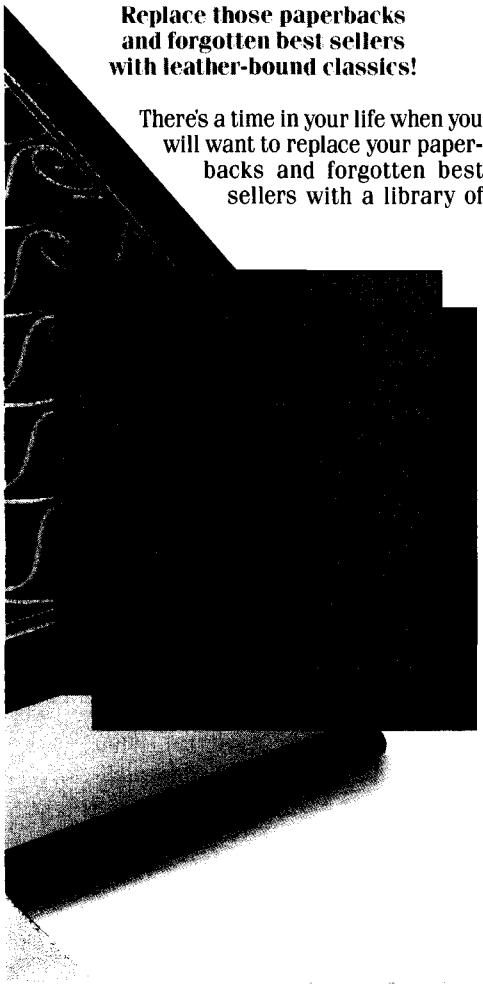

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# LETTERS

### *An Impediment*

I am appalled at NATIONAL REVIEW's endorsement of "an increase in the U.S. contribution to the IMF" to "entrench Russian democracy" through financial aid to the ex-Soviet Republics ["The Week," May 25]. Has government-to-government financial aid to India, Mozambique, Tanzania, Ghana, and on and on entrenched democracy in those countries? Has it not rather, as Lord Bauer has so convincingly documented, strengthened central governments and enabled them to continue anti-democratic and anti-market policies?

The endorsement is appropriately in the left-hand column of page 10. Equally appropriately, the right-hand column of the same page exposes the perverse effects of the domestic equivalent of foreign aid—federal spending on social programs to combat poverty.

The IMF lost the function for which it was established (to supervise a fixed-exchange-rate system) in 1971, when the world moved to flexible exchange rates. It should have been abolished. That, however, was unthinkable for a governmental body, so it quickly became a junior World Bank. In both its initial and its subsequent roles, it has done far more to impede than to entrench democracy and free markets.

*Milton Friedman*
*Stanford, Calif.*

NATIONAL REVIEW *shares Professor Friedman's distrust of foreign aid and accepts Lord Bauer's demonstration that it has generally "strengthened central governments and enabled them to continue . . . anti-market policies." That is why our endorsement of the increase in the U.S. contribution to the IMF was so heavily qualified—more qualified than Professor Friedman allows. The full quotation reads: "On balance we favor this, in order to entrench Russian democracy* at least long enough to secure the independence of the new republics and build a cordon sanitaire between Russia and the West" [*emphasis added*].

*If Ukraine, Belarus, and the Baltics are genuinely independent states by the time that the perverseness and futility of aid become apparent to Moscow, both* NR *and Mr. Friedman will be able to claim justification.* —ED.

### *Been There Before*

John O'Sullivan quotes Lorrin Anderson: "The year-long showing of America's Favorite Home Video was surrounded on television by a barely disguised, lip-smacking *Schadenfreude*: the cops caught—*at last!* That's the way it is, folks, here in Amerika" ["From the Editor," May 25].

A brief comment: Very recently a poll indicated that San Antonio, Texas, took fifth place in the cruelty-by-cops arena. I detest this because San Antonio is a great city otherwise. I worked for the San Antonio Police Department as a radio operator in the early days of police two-way radio (1935 through 1941). The radio room was on the second floor of the police garage, not more than three hundred feet from the two-story detective building where in the basement the cops used to beat their prisoners. I heard it then, and I can hear it now, 57 years later! I believe 57 years qualifies for the expression: "At last!"

*Thomas B. Moseley*
*Clifton, Tex.*

### *Regaining a Soul*

Edwin M. Yoder Jr.'s review of Joseph Alsop's memoirs ["A Capital Life," May 25] contains a calumny that must not go unchallenged. I refer to Yoder's reference to: "the mendacity of paid congressional witnesses like Louis Budenz . . ."

I grew up in the small community of Crestwood, N.Y., where the Budenz family lived before and after Louis was editor of the *Daily Worker*. I went to grammar school with his two oldest daughters. Louis was an intellectual with convictions and a passionate believer in justice. These qualities led him into and out of the Communist Party.

It was when Germany invaded Russia that Louis finally left the Party. Communists in the U.S. had been instructed by Moscow to support interventionism before the Hitler–Stalin pact, isolationism after the pact was signed, and interventionism again after Germany invaded Russia. Realizing that he was a puppet whose strings were being pulled in Moscow, Louis returned to the ancient faith of his fathers. Haunted by having led so many people to embrace the Communist cause, he spent years in teaching and writing, trying to expiate this guilt. In my opinion Louis Budenz is a modern St. Augustine.

Mr. Yoder writes about "rascals . . . who sought to profit in politics by playing upon the alleged anti-Communist menace." Surely he means to say that these rascals were playing upon the alleged *Communist* menace. But there is truth in his error. The hysteria about anti-Communism has been far greater than the hysteria about Communism. Some today are still defending Hiss and the Rosenbergs.

Louis Budenz lived in the very heart of the CPUSA. By the standards of the world, he gained nothing in abandoning the Communist cause. He reduced his economic status and received popular scorn inspired by the media elite. But he was there. He bore witness. And in doing so, he regained his soul.

*Peter F. Reilly*
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

### *Drawing a Distinction*

So Peter Grace's Citizens against Government Waste found Robert Byrd "hostile" to proposed legislation that might ease the burden on taxpayers ["For the Record," May 25]. Would you believe that a gentle massage of the data published by CAGW reveals that 89 per cent of all Democrats in Congress were placed in either the "hostile" or the "unfriendly" category, while just 5 per cent of all Republican congressmen were so placed? Or that 77 per cent of all Republican congressmen were placed in the "heroic" or "friendly" category versus 0.6 per cent of all Democrats? In fact, not one Democrat was judged "heroic."

George Wallace said, when he was running for President as an independent, "They ain't ten cents worth of difference between the Republican and Democrat parties." What a tragedy that so many people still believe him today.

*Ralph Harned*
*Mira Loma, Calif.*

### *A Chelsea by Any Other Name . . .*

On behalf of my great-granddaughter and any other children named Chelsea, I wish to say your remark about Mrs. Clinton's choice in names was very inappropriate ["The Week," April 13]. What is the word for people who poke malicious fun at people's names? Childish?

*Sylva Mularchyk*
*Santa Maria, Calif.*



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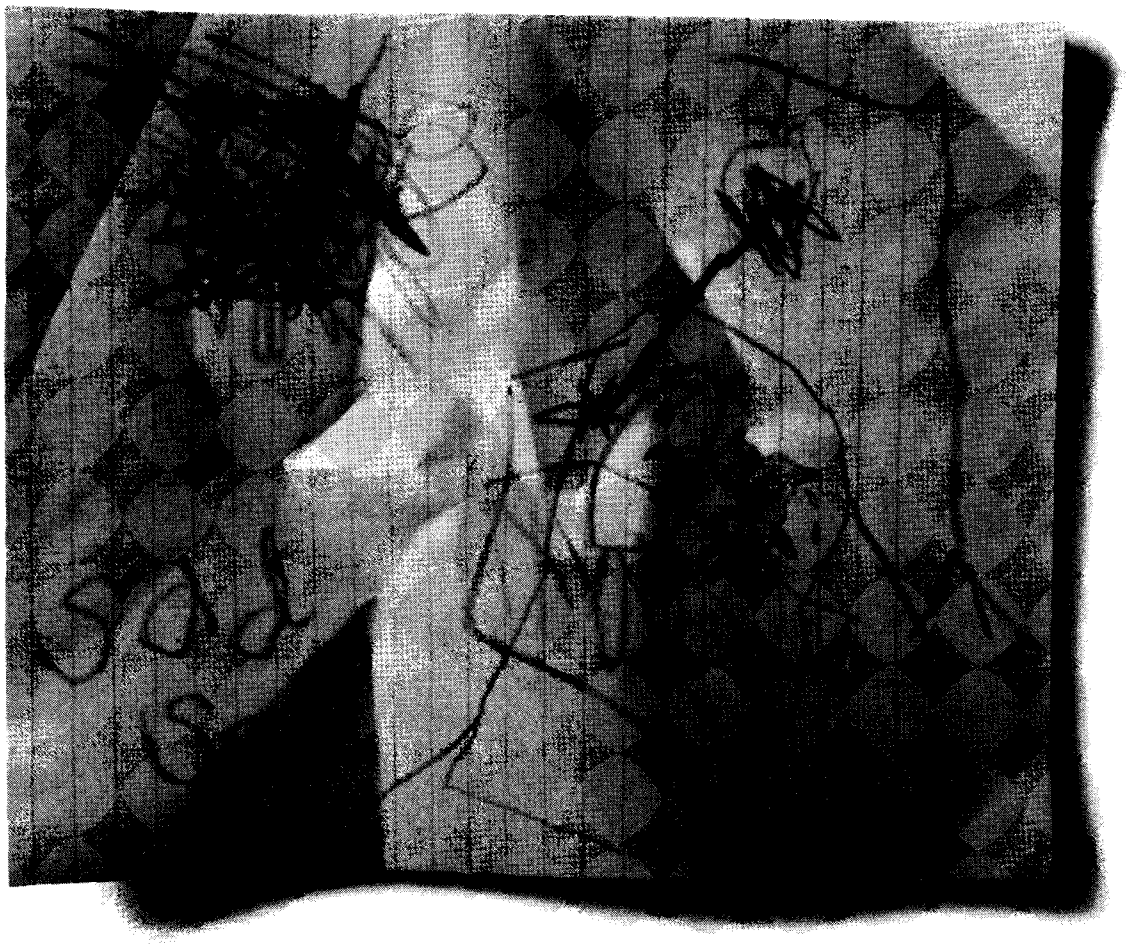

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## *FROM THE EDITOR*

# The Three Cultures

■ In the culture wars now raging, George Bush, Bill Clinton, and Ross Perot represent forces more significant than social classes, namely the establishment, the counterculture, and Middle America respectively. Whoever unites two of these will win in November. But they must be the right two.

In the 1960s, the counterculture took over an establishment demoralized by its failure in Vietnam. Ever since, Cyrus Vance has been an indentured servant, leaping up whenever *The New York Review of Books* barked an order. Ditto Robert McNamara. It's terribly sad.

Ronald Reagan forged a new coalition between Middle America and (gritting its teeth) the establishment. That should have been cemented under Mr. Bush when the counterculture was discredited by the collapse of Communism.

Ever resourceful, however, Mr. Bush set out to irritate Middle America with tax hikes, racial quotas, etc. Mr. Clinton first sought to woo a disgruntled Middle America in the primaries, but had to return to his countercultural base when he ran into trouble. Mr. Perot as M.A.'s beau is the result.

But Mr. Perot has a countercultural past that could yet embarrass him, in the form of links with the madcap conspiracy theorists, the Christic Institute, an organization so hopeless that it couldn't win a lawsuit against the Contras. Mr. Clinton is wooing Middle America again with his criticism of Sister Souljah. And Mr. Bush has united the establishment with the counterculture at Rio.

Not the right two.

■ Philip Larkin, the English poet, once remarked that a great moment of liberation in his life came when he was sitting in a theater, watching a play, and suddenly realized that *he didn't have to stay*. He promptly left.

I have myself progressed beyond Larkin. If a play or film is praised by the critics in a certain way—"powerful, moving," etc.—I don't go in the first place.

My decision not to see Oliver Stone's *JFK* was especially easy. While virtually every reporter and columnist in the country, from George Will to Alexander Cockburn, denounced it as a pack of lies, film critics by and large liked it—"powerful, moving," etc. That was more than good enough for me.

When I saw the film recently by accident (i.e., on an airplane), I was genuinely indignant. It is a shabby and manipulative libel which alleges that the President was murdered by a conspiracy of the Pentagon, the CIA, the Dallas police, right-wing Cuban exiles, helicopter-makers, and Vice President Johnson because they benefited from the Vietnam War that Kennedy supposedly wanted to end.

Of course, Kennedy had no plan to pull out of Vietnam. But even if such a plan had existed, it would hardly constitute proof of a vast conspiracy. As one wag has pointed out, if "who benefits" is to be the test, then one could as plausibly allege that Kennedy was killed by a conspiracy of HHS and HUD officials, sociologists, "community leaders," and Hubert Humphrey, since Kennedy's death was followed by the Great Society welfare explosion.

*JFK* is, in short, a guided tour around the labyrinth of Oliver Stone's paranoia. The proper critical response to it is a bucket of cold water. This is provided in Jacob Cohen's superb analysis, "Yes, Oswald Alone Killed Kennedy," in the current *Commentary*.

Not only does it demolish Stone's thesis step by step; but it establishes with equal care that Oswald must have been the lone assassin. And it does so with a nice dry irony, notably when Cohen demonstrates that the "magic bullet" that obligingly zig-zags and somersaults to order is required not by the Warren Commission's theory, but by Stone's.

I can't wait to see the movie ("powerful, moving"—*NR*), but I suppose I'll have to. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN



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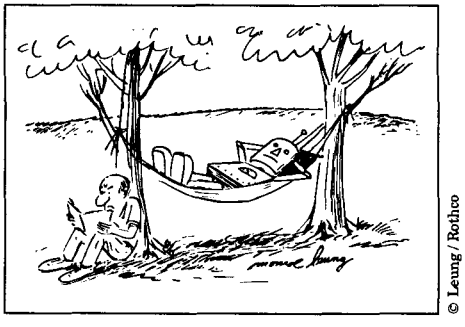
## FOR THE RECORD

■ As the **Ross Perot** campaign chugged toward the official announcement of his candidacy—reportedly set for his birthday, June 28—it continued to swell. Latest recruit is the London advertising firm of **Saatchi & Saatchi**, which has been asked to submit plans for Perot's $100-million campaign budget. Possible snag: the Saatchis, who masterminded **John Major**'s upset win in Britain earlier this year, may have to clear the deal with the Conservative Party. . . . There will be no formal Perotist convention, since he has no formal party. But **Hamilton Jordan** and **Ed Rollins**, his Democratic and Republican PR recruits, are thinking of a monster rally in the Rose Bowl to start him off. . . . Although Perot talks about religious values, it took a while for the press to wonder what church he belongs to. Strong rumor had him a Roman Catholic, but his press office says he's Presbyterian. . . . Perot has failed to get backing of D.C. conservative bellwether *Human Events*. "From Perot's own statements," said *HE*, "it is far from clear that he has a genuinely conservative or workable approach to any major issue." . . . **Pat Buchanan**, battling to hold on to his 78 delegate votes so he can speak at the Republican Convention in August, had some passing praise for Perot: "The very same spirit with which my candidacy was launched lives on in the Perot movement." . . . But Buchanan is not back in the graces of the GOP hierarchy. In response to a suggestion that the commentator-candidate might speak on prime time at the Houston Convention, campaign spokesman **Torie Clarke** offered this measured pronouncement: "He has to get down on his hands and knees and grovel on broken glass with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out—and then we'll talk." . . . Maybe the RNC feels it doesn't need Buchanan. At a private—but not off-the-record—gathering in New York hosted by conservative former mayoral candidate **Ron Lauder**, RNC chairman **Rich Bond** referred to the "partnership between **Ronald Reagan** and **George Bush**." Asked whether Reagan planned to play an active role at the Houston Convention, Bond played his trump card: Yes—as the first speaker Monday evening.

■ The Democrats, meanwhile, have nearly faded from sight, though their convention next month should get them some ink and air time. After Perot's raids on **Bill Clinton**'s potential constituency, says *Wall Street Journal* editorial-page editor **Bob Bartley**, all Clinton is left with is "radical feminists, blacks, gays, and enthusiastic unionists." . . . **Evans & Novak** report that dispute in Clinton camp nearly led to campaign manager **David Wilhelm** and others resigning. Wilhelm & Co. argue for a broad appeal, as opposed to full embrace of the left wing, which **Hillary** advises. . . . Even more on the outside is **Mario Cuomo**, once the hero-for-President of the liberal press. No one has asked him to be Clinton's running-mate, he told commentator **Ken Auletta**. He hasn't even been asked to speak at the Democratic Convention in his own city. . . . Is **Dan Quayle** the only one who remembers that Cuomo is there? The Vice President, speaking in New York last week, compared the Democrats holding their convention in that liberal testing ground to a criminal returning to the scene of the crime.

■ In the Senate races, California conservative **Bruce Herschensohn** could hardly have asked for a better opponent. **Barbara Boxer**, who currently represents both wealthy Marin County and Haight–Ashbury in the House, is a quintessential San Francisco Democrat, with an ADA rating of 91 and a record of 141 bounced checks. . . . New York City's only woman in Congress, pro-choice Republican **Susan Molinari**, is bucking the feminist hate campaign against Sen. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.). **Betty Friedan** had said Specter is Public Enemy Number 2, right behind President Bush. "I think Arlen has been a good senator and has been a good representative on a multitude of women's issues," Rep. Molinari retorts.



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■ UN sanctions may have little effect on the **Milosevic** regime in Serbia, but they are making the lives of ordinary Serbs miserable. It is a country "suddenly shut off from the modern world," says a Belgrade student, with severe gas rationing, soup kitchens instead of restaurants, and withdrawal of access to European data banks. . . . **Margaret Thatcher** revisited the Falklands Islands on the tenth anniversary of Britain's victory over Argentina. She told two thousand British and an equal number of natives that she was "very moved" by the occasion. Municipal council of Buenos Aires was moved in the other direction; it declared the visit "imprudent and unfriendly." . . . As **Boris Yeltsin** continues to open formerly sealed KGB and Communist Party files, **Robert Conquest**, whose work anticipated many of those revelations, will be honored at a dinner in San Francisco July 7 sponsored by the Independent Institute. Honorary co-chairmen of the dinner: Presidents **Gerald Ford**, **Richard Nixon**, Ronald Reagan. Dinner committee's roster includes, among others: **Vladimir Bukovsky**, **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, **Richard Pipes**. For info, contact **David Theroux** at 510-632-1366.

■ One of the more imaginative touches at the Rio jamboree was a radio station's hiring of **Ronnie Biggs**, a ringleader in Britain's 1963 Great Train Robbery, now in exile in Brazil. Biggs's job? To give security tips to conference delegates worried about being mugged or murdered by Rio's notorious teenage criminal gangs.



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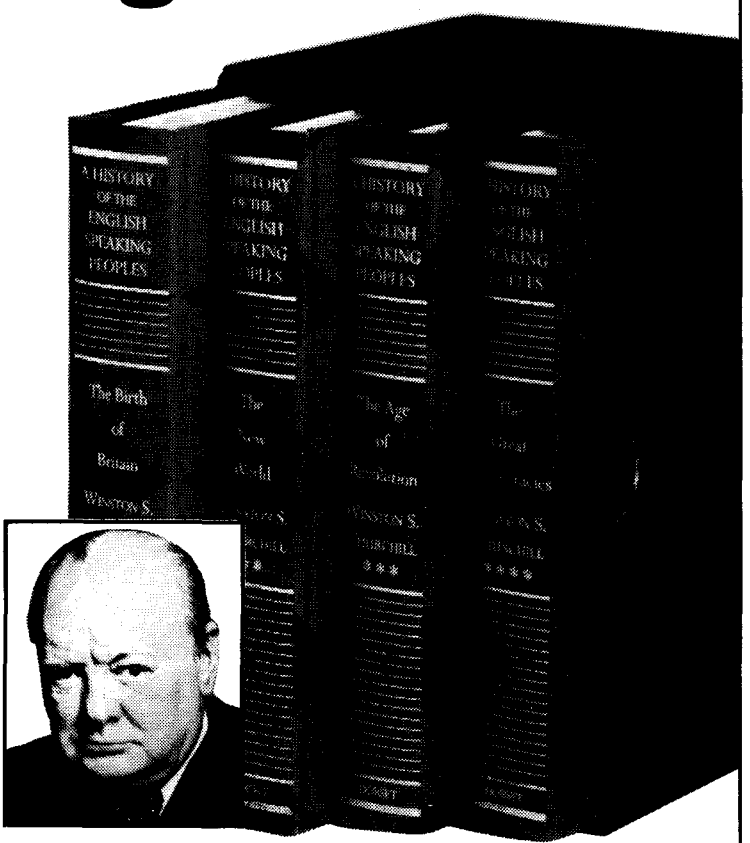

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# THE WEEK

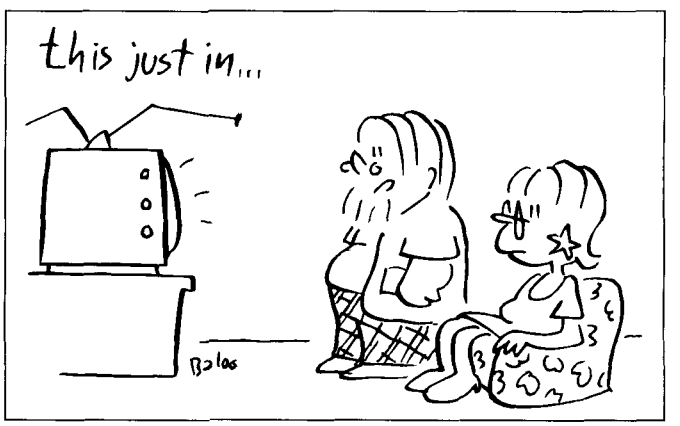
■ Rioting, looting, shooting, and burning broke out in Chicago after the Bulls won the NBA championship. No word yet on the root causes.

■ It seems that Bill Clinton's rebuke to rapper Sister Souljah, who also spoke at the Rainbow Coalition convention he was addressing, was grossly insensitive to the concerns of the lawbreaking community. The convention's impresario, Jesse Jackson, took umbrage, calling Clinton's remarks part of "a consistent attempt to provoke me." In response to the inevitable charge of misquotation, the *Washington Post* printed in full the relevant passage of its interview with Miss Souljah. (Real name: Lisa Williamson.) Asked whether the Los Angeles riots were "wise, reasoned action" from the viewpoint of the rioters themselves, she affirmed: "Yeah, it was wise. I mean, if black people kill black people every day, why not have a week and kill white people? You understand what I'm saying? In other words, white people, this government, and that mayor were well aware of the fact that black people were dying every day under gang violence. So if you're a gang member and you would normally be killing somebody, why not kill a white person? Do you think that somebody thinks that white people are better, or above and beyond dying, when they would kill their own kind?" Jackson complained when Clinton likened this rant to the rhetoric of David Duke. It's Duke who has cause for complaint.

■ Put away your Dan Quayle dolls: the Vice President has gone from Administration embarrassment to asset. As laudable as his attack on Murphy Brown was, it was not the best thing he has done recently. The best thing Dan Quayle has done is refuse to back down when he was counterattacked. He said, in a speech to the Southern Baptists' Convention, that he wore the scorn heaped on him by Hollywood, television, and the press as "a badge of honor." Although the media first played this as another Quayle stumble, they now realize that it was a calculated appeal to the Republican Party's base. But they still have no idea that this base is not a small faction called "conservatives" but the majority of American parents: in the thick of the Quayle controversy a *Reader's Digest* poll revealed that having children is the single most significant factor in how people vote, and that those with kids are more conservative. The *Digest* calls this "the family gap," and those who urge a wishy-washy Republicanism on the social issues ought to take a look at the numbers of these over-25 voters: against 21 million single Americans and 13 million married without children, some 92 million Americans—the nation's most powerful voting bloc—are married with children. If Dan Quayle is so dumb, how come he's the only one in the Administration who has figured this out?

■ Funny how the folks who were outraged by the "sexual harassment" of Anita Hill have been militantly indifferent to the revelation that America's two women POWs were sexually molested during their captivity. The news only came out because one member of a presidential commission, Elaine Donnelly, put it to Major Rhonda Cornum directly. Although Major Cornum had previously stated she had been treated the same as any man, in response to Mrs. Donnelly's question she said she had been "violated manually, vaginally, and rectally." Earlier the commission learned that the other female POW had been "the victim of indecent assaults." Except for a front-page story in the *Washington Times* and a short snippet from the Associated Press, the story was buried. Mrs. Donnelly (whose article "What Did You Do in the Gulf, Mommy?" appeared in our November 18 issue) wonders how much else the Pentagon has covered up lest it upset Congressnuisance Pat Schroeder's plans to remove the combat restrictions on women; for example, information on how many women were sent home from the Gulf for medical reasons has yet to be released. It's time for Defense Secretary Dick Cheney to stop hiding behind the skirts of the six women on the presidential panel and come out firmly against putting our mothers in army boots.

■ Does the minimum-wage law hurt labor? Just ask workers at American tuna canneries. If you can find any, that is. Since the mid 1980s the industry has virtually abandoned the U.S. mainland for low-wage




*"If he's the Education President, why doesn't he make Congress stand in the corner?"*



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facilities offshore. In American Samoa, where employers are exempt from the minimum wage, a thriving tuna industry now employs nearly 90 per cent of all private-sector workers. Apparently this example of a properly functioning market disturbs some people: a bill sponsored by Representative Austin Murphy (D., Pa.) seeks to impose the $4.35 mainland minimum wage in all offshore territories. If Mr. Murphy's bill passes, the offshore tuna industry will move further offshore—to Thailand, where cannery workers are paid 45 cents an hour, or to Indonesia, where they are paid less than 20 cents an hour. Welfare will replace tuna packing as the growth industry in American Samoa, and the labor movement will have another victory.

■ Ross Perot she's not, but presidential candidate Lenora Fulani has been doing quite well, thank you. Miss Fulani, who contested several early Democratic primaries (she got 286 votes in New Hampshire) and who plans to carry the New Alliance Party banner in the fall, has qualified for a million bucks in federal matching funds. The New Alliance Party grew out of a left-wing therapy cult founded, where else, on the Upper West Side in the early Seventies ("There are no private feelings, only social relationships," ran one slogan). The party has been allied at various times with Lyndon LaRouche and the Reverend Al Sharpton, and it supports the gold standard. Is that clear? It had better be: in a three-way race, every voting bloc counts.

■ The IRS rules that hearses are not subject to the "gas guzzler" tax—they're not passenger vehicles.

■ In Milwaukee this past week the hottest thing in town was not a ticket to a U-2 concert but an application for a new school-choice initiative launched by a volunteer group of business leaders called Partners Advancing Values in Education (PAVE). All 4,500 applications were snapped up the first day. Underwritten by a three-year, $1.5-million grant from the Bradley Foundation, PAVE will contribute half the cost of tuition up to $1,000 for private or parochial schools for low-income families, who must make up the difference. "It is simply not fair that the better-off enjoy access to a full array of public and private educational offerings, while low-income parents must make do with whatever is available in the public-school system," says the Bradley Foundation's president, Michael Joyce. Now why doesn't Lamar Alexander understand that?

■ Construction of a highway in Indiana has been halted until means are found to protect blind cavefish. Must be an interesting road.

■ As we go to press, the world awaits the report by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) on the conclusions of its inspection team that investigated certain North Korean nuclear facilities. Does North Korea have a nuclear-weapons program, as U.S. intelligence reportedly believes? Or do the facilities represent a civilian research effort or an abandoned reprocessing plant, as the North Koreans assert? NATIONAL REVIEW has cautioned for several months that the nature of the North Korean regime argues for worst-case assumptions. The North Koreans are, even more than Saddam Hussein, masters of concealment. Whatever the IAEA's conclusions, or the UN's response, the U.S. Government should not tie its own hands. A nuclear weapon in North Korean hands is simply not compatible with the world's peace. All three of our presidential candidates should be asked to declare themselves on their willingness to act, unilaterally if necessary, to eliminate this danger.

■ The Russian weekly *Argumenty i Fakty* reports that, according to records of movies borrowed from the state film agency, Brezhnev and Andropov were fans of *The Godfather,* while Gorbachev liked the Vivien Leigh tear-jerker *Waterloo Bridge*. And the Soviet Union sleeps with the fishes.

■ The Japanese political process has been tearing itself apart over legislation to authorize Japanese troops in international peacekeeping operations. It's a watered-down bill, limited to two thousand troops, permitting medical or other support functions but no risky military operations, and imposing a series of procedural hurdles before even that can be initiated. Nevertheless, we confess to mixed feelings. We wonder if all the congressional pressure in this country for greater Japanese "burden-sharing" may not some day come back to haunt us. In Japan, the advocates of this legislation include not only the internationalist-minded, who want Japan to take part in UN peacekeeping in Cambodia and elsewhere, but also the nationalist-minded, who see this as a useful first step in breaking the taboo against overseas military activities. We know very few people in East or Southeast Asia who want Japan to play a major role

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As Jack Kemp, rising briefly from
Obscurity when L.A.'s slum
Alarmed the President, prepares
To slink once more below the stairs,
Ed Rollins winks across the void
And turns the White House paranoid.

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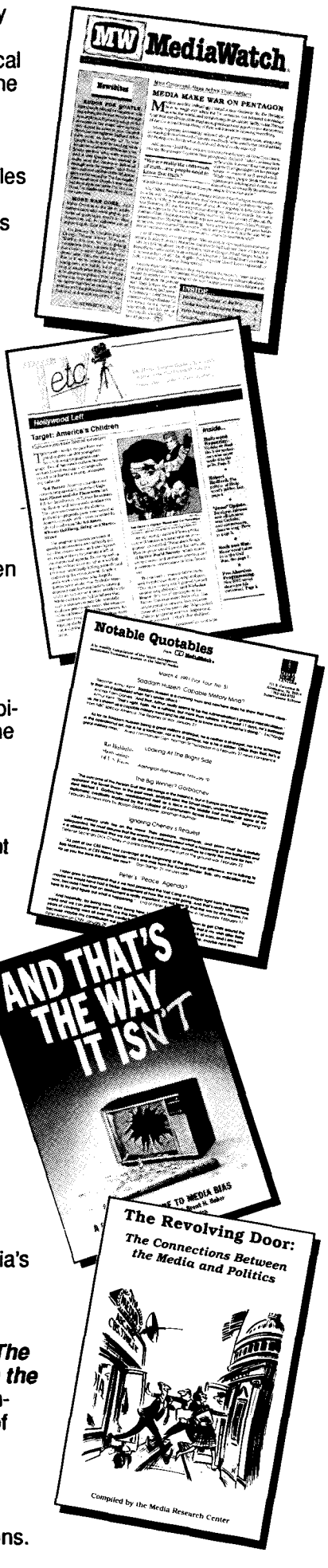


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in regional military security; we know a lot of people who see the American military presence as the indispensable reassurance of the region's security and peace of mind. No substitutes, please.

■ We neither know nor care whether the sensible new NEA chairman, Anne-Imelda Radice, is a lesbian; but the fact that two homosexual magazines want to "out" her is still an interesting development. According to the radicals, an outing is called for when a closeted homosexual is discovered acting publicly in a manner inconsistent with his sexual preference. Miss Radice's offense has been to oppose the public funding of bad art, specifically bad art consisting of queasy depictions of sex organs, crosses dropped in urine baths, and the rest of it. Miss Radice's enemies reveal nothing about her but something of themselves when they equate homosexuality with foulness, and embrace both.

■ If you hate Anne-Imelda Radice, you probably admired "the worm," which is what disgruntled NASA employees called the space agency's acronym logo, spelled out in ugly, mod-style letters like deformed pasta tubes. Last month NASA chief Daniel Goldin killed "the worm" and substituted for it "the meatball." The latter shows a round planet ringed by a rocket's orbit, and it served as the popular logo of the agency in its glory years, from 1959 to 1975. Now, to the rescue of the "worm" rides Mina Wright Berryman, director of the NEA's Design Arts Program, who penned an anguished letter to Goldin objecting that "the worm is not simply a logo, but an integral part of NASA's comprehensive visual standards program." We wonder how much Mrs. Berryman is paid to monitor the compliance of federal agencies with modernist orthodoxy—and suspect that this is a worm that dieth not.

■ HIGHER SIGNIFICANCE DEPT.: Michelle Pfeiffer on playing Catwoman in *Batman Returns*: "It's somehow a positive role model for women. I don't think women are gonna go out and start whipping people, but it's an empowering character, and women need to be empowered."

■ The Environmental Protection Agency is reclassifying "second-hand smoke" to the category of All-Time EPA Pop Favorite Overblown Cancer Hazards, joining such standbys as radon and asbestos. This is official.

■ At Vassar this year, no student was without a valentine. Taking a romantic view of the protection provided by condoms against unwanted pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases, a student group called Choice distributed condoms of different styles and colors to the student body on February 14. A rude awakening, however. Choice members discovered after the distribution that some of the condoms had expired several weeks before and had to run an ad in the student bulletin reporting this discovery. A prize of one bottle of champagne will be offered to the best (printable) explanation of this from Romeo to Juliet, or vice versa. Closing date: July 10.

## Yalta in Rio

THE EARTH SUMMIT in Rio was a significant success for environmentalists. A torrent of baseless apocalyptic pronouncements about the end of the world poured forth without arousing general derision. Nor did the radicals who attended the conference stage the kind of demonstrations that might have discredited it as "wacko." Rio played as a legitimate and important world conference.

Accordingly, most of the world's governments signed on to documents that fulfill the environmentalist agenda. The global-warming scare was accepted as real enough, even by the representatives of the United States, to justify early programs to suppress consumption of carbon fuels. Also accepted was the general theme that nature has a higher priority than humanity—which severely restricts logging, mining, oil search, and other instruments of economic development. And despite a qualified U.S. stand on the Biodiversity Treaty, most governments went along with the notion that private-property rights to technology can be overridden in the new ecological order.

Of course the Third World did not get the vast increase in economic aid (from $55 billion to $125 billion annually) that it was asking for. But it gained acceptance by a number of important Western governments of the goal of aid at the level of 0.7 per cent of their GNP. If the U.S. accepts that proposition, it will mean a tripling of our aid bill.

President Bush's brief appearance saw him on the defensive despite the line in his speech saying that he had not come to apologize. "American policy is not going to be dominated by the extremes," Mr. Bush had said. Yet at Rio he effectively endorsed one extreme—the environmentalist one—by accepting the eight-hundred-page Agenda 21, essentially international green manifesto for the twenty-first century. He went to another environmentalist extreme in calling for urgent meetings to discuss implementing the climate-change treaty.

To be fair, Mr. Bush surrendered in stages. It was first the position of the Administration that the science of global warming was so uncertain, and any possible effects of greenhouse gases so far off, that the major priority for the next decade should be climate research. Then the U.S. accepted the climate



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but insisted that it should not commit nations to specific targets and timetables. Indeed, the Administration suffered heavy criticism for "gutting" the treaty by deleting these specifics. But in his formal speech at Rio, Mr. Bush seemed to abandon that stance by proposing a meeting for January 1, 1993, "to lay out national plans for meeting the specific commitments" of the climate-change treaty. He challenged other countries to "join in a prompt start" to implement it and to translate their words "into concrete action to protect the planet." This appears to be a complete somersault. If there is a need for a "prompt start" with "concrete action," what is the basis for opposing targets and timetables? Indeed, what will the January meeting accomplish if it does not agree on the targets and timetables that the Administration spent months before Rio opposing?

THUS THE U.S. has endorsed the global-warming catastrophe theory in its most frenetic form. By conceding that action is urgently needed Mr. Bush has accepted the arguments that we know the nature of the problem, we know it is urgent, and we know what we need to do.

This official surrender to greenthink comes at just the time when some of the major organs of the media are recognizing the scientific weakness of the global-warming theory. A recent feature in the *New York Times* by William K. Stevens says the climate-change treaty is "remarkable in that it tackles a danger whose full dimension is unclear and unproved." He writes that climatologists have "no clear proof" that any human-induced warming has begun and says a little warming "might not be so bad."

That followed the *Washington Post*'s extremely skeptical backgrounder on global warming by Boyce Rensberger which stated: ". . . while there is no doubt that continued emissions of 'greenhouse gases' tend to aid warming, it is not clear that cutting back on emissions could do much to stop a natural trend. . . . Seldom in fact has an issue risen to the top of the international political agenda while the facts of the matter remained so uncertain."

Most interpretations attribute President Bush's embrace of the global-warming theory to electoral calculation. If so, it is a calculation that assumes that Texans will not object to mandatory reductions in the demand for oil nor Pennsylvanians to cuts in coal burning. But Mr. Bush may have been influenced as much by "green" advice from his associates. An interview with Allan Bromley, the President's science advisor, in *Popular Science* places him clearly in the environmentalist camp.

Bromley characterizes the greenhouse effect as a problem that is "potentially a very serious one." He adds, "We simply can't afford to wait until we really


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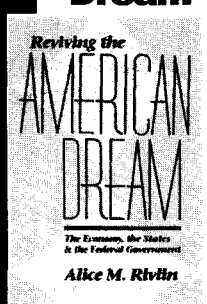
**Reviving the American Dream**

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understand what is going on." He then says the "only way to reduce the $CO_2$ loading is to reduce the amount of fuel you burn, which means you have to increase efficiency. . . . Or, switch completely to alternative sources of solar or nuclear. And we're heading toward both of those." With such advice, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Bush engineered such a major wreck in U.S. public policy and inflicted such a wound on his own Presidency.

Mr. Bush was also at odds with himself on the Biodiversity Treaty. Before the conference he insisted that he would commit the U.S. to nothing that would hamper economic growth and jobs. The U.S. economy is already reeling from the burdens of intensified regulation of air emissions, water emissions, and waste handling. Already access to land for oil and gas exploration and production, mining, logging, and other industries is severely constrained. In the judgment of Administration lawyers, the Biodiversity Treaty would have required the U.S. to greatly increase environmental controls. In the words of a paper from the office of the Vice President: "Both the Endangered Species Act and the National Environmental Protection Act would need to be substantially expanded since the draft convention imposes greater obligations in these areas."

For these reasons, Mr. Bush refused to sign the treaty. Yet at Rio U.S. briefers emphasized repeatedly that the U.S. Government proposes to do *more* for preserving species than the treaty requires. The problems with it, they argued, are in the areas of aid and of patent rights on technology—which in effect accepts its provisions on land use, endangered species, wetlands, indeed all habitats for wild flora and fauna.

On both climate change and biodiversity, therefore, Mr. Bush conceded the principles at issue and found himself defending an ever-shrinking territory of detail. He satisfied no one and guaranteed himself and his successors an endless series of demands that they live up to principles hostile to this country's economic and political system. It is hard to exaggerate the disaster: Rio is the Yalta of international economics. The two treaties represent a damaging and scientifically unjustified surrender to the extreme environmentalist enemies of capitalism. Their ratification by the Senate would open the way to "green socialism"—a suffocating regulation of American society enforced by federal agencies, the courts, and environmental groups answerable not to the American voter but to international agencies acting on the authority of Rio. Conservatives must make Senate rejection their main political aim—and Mr. Bush's repudiation of Rio a condition of their support in November. For if Rio goes through, it will not matter who wins American elections.

### *Vive George Bush!*

Though vegetarians and those
Aghast in Rio hold a nose,
I bang a gong, kick cans, and shout
Because he kept the Haitians out.

W. H. VON DREELE

## The Walsh Caper

GIVE A PROSECUTOR unlimited time and investigative resources, give him unreviewable discretion, give him several thousand statutes, and give him a single case—and the chances are pretty good that an indictment may emerge somewhere.

Of course, real prosecutors don't operate that way. They have limited resources, they are subject to review, and they must husband their resources for relatively high-priority cases. Lawrence Walsh and his permanent corps of temporary prosecutors are exempt from a critical part of the checks and balances of the criminal-charging process.

This compounds the basic problem that this particular "prosecutor" has been asked to carry out what is clearly a political agenda—namely, to "get" high-ranking officials in the notorious Reagan Administration, if possible the Arch-President himself. And that is a brief for which there is no lack of enthusiasm on the part of Walsh's brigades of 27-year-old "best and brightest." A number of decent and patriotic men have already been blackmailed into pleading guilty to trivial and peripheral offenses. The indictment of former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger on charges of lying to congressional committees and concealing handwritten notes ("hidden" in the Library of Congress) from Larry Walsh is yet the latest caricature of justice.

Heaven forbid that we should defend lying to Congress or concealing things from Larry Walsh—but we do suggest that there is some significant national-security context here. We are uneasy about the prosecutorial practice of threatening indictment to extort from career criminals accusations against their accomplices. When such methods are used in an effort to compel a former Cabinet member to give false testimony against a former President, they amount to a scandal worse than the worst interpretations of Iran–Contra.

For most of its interminable existence, the Walsh effort has been engaged as a fourth branch of the national government in doing the dirty business of the congressional leadership. As it continues to wobble up its dilapidated pyramid of failed prosecutions to-



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ward its ultimate objective, both the incumbent and the former President must occasionally reflect that they have always possessed the power to pull the plug on this ridiculous operation. Thus far, they have chosen not to. If this monstrous indictment does not persuade President Bush to close Walsh down, we trust that Mr. Weinberger's acquittal will finally produce that necessary public benefit.

## Yeltsin's Way

AS BORIS YELTSIN came to town for a state visit, disturbing trends in Russian policy were manifest: foot-dragging on troop withdrawal from the Baltic states and on privatization and economic reform; mounting tensions with Ukraine and other republics over treatment of their Russian minorities; reluctance to eliminate Soviet heavy ICBMs in the revised START agreement; continuing exports of weapons and advanced military technology; continuing espionage to acquire technological and industrial secrets; and so forth. We have reviewed this list in previous editorials, but it was growing. Nationalist, hard-line pressures on Yeltsin raised the question of how long the democratic process could survive—or how we were to treat Yeltsin if he bowed to these pressures instead of being the bulwark of democracy against them.

How are we to judge this man? What should be our criteria? Not every lapse in Russian policy is crucial to us—yet we do not want to let the Russians off the hook, especially as they come to us for help. We need to show understanding of the pressures Yeltsin is under—yet we may weaken him ourselves if we do not maintain counter-pressures that help him resist the hard-liners. We need to avoid demands that humiliate—yet we cannot allow that to become a permanent excuse for evading our duty. We should show sympathy for legitimate concerns about the treatment of the 25 million Russians now stranded in newly foreign lands within the borders of the former USSR—yet we cannot wink at any reassertion of Russian hegemony.

Inevitably, we must choose our priorities. The most important criterion of the Western attitude must be what is happening to the Russian military threat to us and to Russia's neighbors. Here there is good news. The agreement President Bush reached with President Yeltsin on deep mutual reductions in strategic arms is a major achievement; it means the scrapping of the multiple-warhead ICBMs that pose the gravest danger to us, and that the Russian military seemed most reluctant to sacrifice. It is another stage in the extraordinary dismantling of the Soviet military juggernaut, nuclear and conventional. On the other side of the ledger, however, are the threats from the Russian defense minister to intervene to protect Russian minorities outside Russian borders. The West should stand firmly against such military moves, while supporting Moscow's insistence on fair treatment for those minorities.

Russian economic reforms must be maintained and, indeed, extended. The confirmation of the authority of Yegor Gaidar, Moscow's most wholehearted free-market reformer, is an encouraging portent; but we must make clear that if reform is sidelined no Western aid will be forthcoming. Russia's intractable economic problems cannot be solved by half-measures that shrink from privatization and free pricing across the board.

The Administration's aid package should be passed by Congress even though we cannot share the hopes of some that aid itself will directly transform the Russian economy. Its more modest purpose is to give Yeltsin and Gaidar breathing space in which to continue their reforms against bureaucratic and hard-line resistance. More important, the Jackson–Vanik and other restrictions on trade and credit should be repealed, and mindless bureaucratic harassment, like the Commerce Department's penalizing of Russian plutonium exports, stopped.

All in all, Yeltsin remains a worthy partner for the West. The main lines of his foreign policy are a revolutionary change from the Soviet past. As Ukrainian President Kravchuk told Richard Nixon, Yeltsin's presence as Russia's leader is a reassurance to its neighbors. As Russia becomes a normal country, it will be neither devil nor angel. We will need to be mature enough to discern our own interests and protect them—including most of all the interest we still have in the success of its present moderate course. It is too soon to forget what went before, and how blessed the world is by the change.

## Glasnost Two

IN THE cavernous stacks of the Communist Party archives and the dingy halls of Russia's constitutional court, a process is under way that is as important to Russia's liberation as the *glasnost* of Mikhail Gorbachev's first years. The openness that enabled the Soviet Union to admit the crimes of Stalin and discuss the dissatisfactions of daily life remains essential today.

The original *glasnost* loosened the tied tongues of the press and the people and uncovered some horrors of the past. It shone light on the previously undiscused privileges enjoyed by the elite. But *glasnost* only went so far. It struck at individual abuses but never allowed examination of the Soviet Communist institution. Now the Russian government is embarking on the dangerous and awesome second stage.



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The opening of the Communist Party archives, seized by the Russian government after last August's failed coup, confirms a past of systematic falsehood and criminality. To take just one example, as recently as 1983 the Politburo authorized the KGB to give cash and weapons to PLO terrorists.

Mr. Gorbachev himself has come under attack, among other reasons for spending Soviet petrodollars to support Communist parties in Africa and Latin America, and for selling gold and diamonds to prolong the war in Afghanistan. "There are documents of the most scandalous sort which have Mikhail Gorbachev's approval or signature," Deputy Prime Minister Mikhail Poltaranin said recently.

But the archival excavations are concerned with more than individual culpability. The battle is unfolding on a higher plane, at the level of constitutional law. Die-hard Communists, using words in their Aesopian way, tried to undermine Mr. Yeltsin by charging that his "authoritarian" banning of the Communist Party after the coup was unconstitutional. The defense quickly turned the tables, counter-charging that the very existence of the Party was unconstitutional—that the CPSU repeatedly controverted the Soviet constitution and illegally meddled in state affairs.

The whole argument may seem silly to Western observers who never doubted that the Communist Party set Soviet policy. When Russian democrats pull out archival proof that the Party dictated the Soviet Union's support for the PLO, or sent money to spread the revolution in Africa, it's pretty hard to feel surprised.

But such *glasnost* forces the nation to face the reality of its homegrown totalitarianism. Support of international terrorism and the filling of the gulags wasn't the fault of one or another despotic fiend: it was endemic to the institution of the Communist Party that Boris Yeltsin outlawed.

## The Choice

IN NEW YORK CITY on June 13, John Cardinal O'Connor led a march of 2,500 protesting abortion with peaceful prayer. It was the first time that such a prominent religious leader has taken so forward a role in the pro-life movement.

The pro-life marchers were challenged by eight hundred counterdemonstrators, whose placards bore such legends as "Keep your rosaries out of my ovaries" and "O'Connor, you hypocrite. Pray instead for the living victims of Priestly Pederasts and Adulterous Bishops." The word "living" admitted more than it meant to.

One of the anti-O'Connor protestors made the most illuminating comment of the day. He was a 42-year-old man who told a reporter he had a 25-year-old son somewhere whom he has never met, an illegitimate child who was put up for adoption. The thought of his son, he said, causes him anguish, an anguish he'd have been spared if abortion had been legal 25 years ago.

Wherever the son is, his father's sentiment should make his blood run cold. It lays bare the self-centeredness of the desire to be completely rid of a child—free not only of responsibility for supporting and guiding him, but of the knowledge that he is even alive. Abortion means much more than a woman's wish to "terminate a pregnancy." It means the annihilation of a person.

But the cardinal refrained from anathemas. "We are not here to condemn anyone," O'Connor said. "I have never condemned any woman who has had an abortion. There will be no condemnation, no judgment." Words to remember when *Roe* v. *Wade* falls, abortion becomes a football in fifty states, and it becomes clear that the real struggle against abortion is a battle for hearts, as well as for statute books.

## William M. Gaines, R I P

OF ALL the magazines of political opinion and social commentary with which *NR* competes, *MAD* has been more honorable than most. One could hardly call it conservative: its irreverence for American values and mores puts it somewhere on the side of subversion if not anarchy. But its humor has been gentle, its targets sacred cows of both Left and Right. Many upstanding conservatives—including some on *NR*'s editorial board—will confess under mild torture that *MAD* was an early influence and source of malicious pleasure at the expense of parents, mass culture, and other institutions of our society. After William Gaines, *MAD*'s founder and publisher, died on June 3, his editorial staff ("the usual gang of idiots") took out a full-page ad in the *New York Times* showing Alfred E. New-

### *The Law's Longer Arm*

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It's now OK to cart away
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Whose government can also go
Across the Rio Grande to snatch
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Recalling wilder days in the
Exciting thirteenth century.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# "HOME NOW IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA...

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"I can think of no more exhilarating reading for the years celebrating Columbus's first voyage than this renavigation in a sailing ketch by that most dedicated and refined of epicureans, Bill Buckley, with his brave and witty crew."

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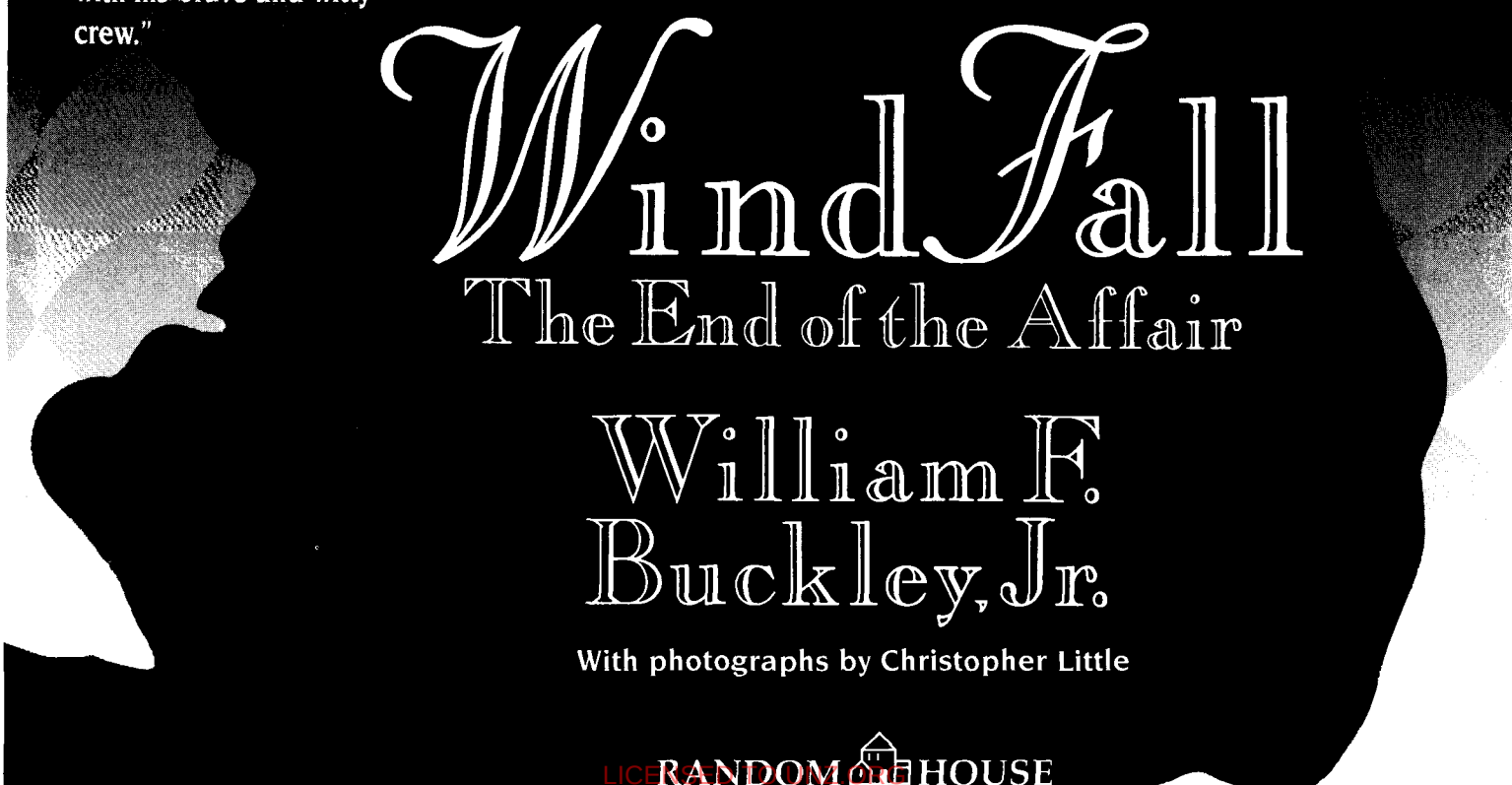
"He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family....The latest of his wonderfully readable sea sagas...also the best."

### Alistair Horne
"I have known Bill for precisely half a century. I recognize him as being capable of giving out more love and friendship than any other man alive...what *WindFall*, basically, is all about."

*The climax of William F. Buckley's classic quartet.*



# WindFall
## The End of the Affair

## William F. Buckley, Jr.

With photographs by Christopher Little

RANDOM HOUSE

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*"All's fair in love and war. Thank God they left out business."*

man with a tear on his cheek. There was a tear on ours as well.

## NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

The power of grassroots conservatism confounds media experts again!

At the 35th Anniversary dinner a year ago, you noted the selection of the Crayola controversy as the lead item in your final "The Week" as *NR* Editor-in-Chief. Former children everywhere were indeed outraged at the retirement of Raw Umber and Maize in favor of the likes of Vivid Tangerine and Dandelion.

As you can see from the enclosed *Wall Street Journal* item, Binney & Smith are reconsidering their arrogant dismissal of Crayola traditions. I do not know if they have in fact revived the old colors. If they do not, perhaps the Republicans should consider traditional crayons for a campaign issue in 1992. Don't laugh, it could only have helped Thornburgh.

In any case, NATIONAL REVIEW should consider adding membership in The Raw Umber and Maize Preservation Society to membership on The Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson and sponsorship of BUCK-PAC as genuine indicia of the true believer.

Your humble servant,
Peter J. Travers
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Peter: Capital idea! *NR* has put in its order. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In defense of my fellow copyright lawyers, the issue raised by Mr. Alan Bell ["Notes & Asides," March 2] is a matter of trademark, not copyright law. The trademark standard is that of "confusingly similar." Of course, it never is quite clear what level of audience must be confused for the similarity to warrant an injunction (not unlike the inconsistencies in a concept such as "jury of your peers").

Copyright law is more intellectually true. The standard is "a modicum of originality"; however, the property governed must be more substantial than a name or slogan.

To Mr. Bell, I say: "Appeal."

Marianne Mele Hall, Esq.
South Vineland, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Hall: At the risk of barratry, we pass along your recommendation to Mr. Bell. Cordially,
WFB

■ Wm—

This, from the current annual report of the Board of Managers of the Harvard Club of NYC; a deft rebuke, doubtless well deserved, and in itself some slight measure of the further deterioration of the civil social order. For years now the public rooms of the Club have been decorated with notices instructing the ladies and the gentlemen how to dress for dinner.

> 2. Secondly, the regular backgammon crowd has become infested with a yuppish style of play which places a premium on winning at any cost over the customary good fellowship and relaxation found at the Club's backgammon tables over the past 60 years. The frequent absence of common courtesy has driven some gentlemen away from the tables.

Your crestfallen buddy,
Wm [F. Rickenbacker]
Francestown, N.H.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I mentioned to a colleague of mine that the Grand Prize in the NATIONAL REVIEW subscription renewal contest would include dinner with you.

"William F. Buckley?" she sneered. "I should consider dinner with him to be the Booby Prize!"

Surely, she must be confusing you with a different Bill Buckley?

Best wishes to you,
Mark Ellis
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Mr. Ellis: Well, we certainly hope so. . . . On the other hand, maybe we should organize a non-subscription renewal campaign? I'll try that out on Ed Capano. Cordially, **—WFB**



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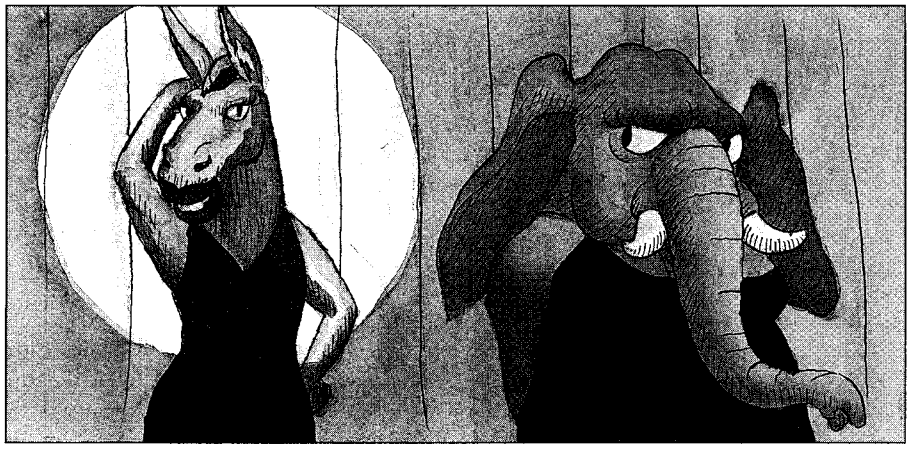
# ON THE SCENE

## The Year of the Women

WILLIAM McGURN



Chris Miles

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FOR A MOMENT there, it looked as if they had Bob Dornan. Less than two weeks before the primary, the California Republican's own polling figures showed challenger Judith Ryan moving within 10 points—with a whopping 27 per cent of the district still undecided. Feminist leaders made the outspoken Congressman Dornan their Willie Horton, and a consortium of abortion-rights, gay, and otherwise Democratic outfits poured somewhere between $300,000 and $600,000 into the primary race.

They were abetted by a willing press. The *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Los Angeles Times*, National Public Radio, and others all contributed stories on Dornan's vulnerability; one of them, by the *Washington Post*'s Judy Mann, even became a Ryan campaign handout. Kate Michelman of the National Abortion Rights Action League and Patricia Ireland of the National Organization for Women flew out to California for a victory celebration primary evening. *Good Morning America* even booked Judge Ryan for the show the next morning for a nationally televised wake.

But they turned up short one corpse. When the final tally came in, Dornan had won by a 60 to 40 landslide. Nor was he the only one to stump the conventional wisdom. In another closely watched race, Joan Milke Flores defeated Maureen Reagan, and a crop of other conservative and pro-life Republican women—Donna Peterson in Texas, Pam Roach in Washington, Linda Bean in Maine—is breaking the stereotype of women politicians as Pat Schroeder clones. So you will not find them getting money from groups like EMILY's List (Early Money Is Like Yeast) or WISH (Women in the Senate and House). What it all points to is that the women's movement has more to do with ideology than with sisterhood.

"Where were these groups when Beverly Byron needed them?" asks Dornan, referring to the Maryland Democrat who just lost her primary. "She had an important seat on the Armed Services Committee. But in her case they backed a pro-abortion male over a pro-life female. So don't tell me that this is all about getting women into Congress."

Dornan has a point. Ever since Carol Moseley Braun defeated Senator Al Dixon in the Illinois Democratic primary and *60 Minutes* followed up with a puff-piece on EMILY's List, 1992 has been touted as "The Year of the Women." When Lynn Yeakel won the Democratic primary in Pennsylvania to challenge Senator Arlen Specter (R.), the phrase was elevated from tag line to trend.

The idea is that American women intend to exact vengeance for the treatment of Anita Hill by a male-dominated Capitol Hill. Never mind that the *USA Today* and ABC News/*Washington Post* polls all showed clearly that a majority of American women thought Miss Hill was a lying you-know-what. What *American Spectator* editor R. Emmett Tyrrell calls the Kultursmog (Hollywood, TV, the press) has swallowed it whole. The *Washington Post* just ran a full-page ad about the episode of *Designing Women* dealing with the characters' anger at the Thomas hearings. The June issue of *Life* magazine sports a cover photo of the White House under the headline, "If Women Ran America." And the current *Newsweek*'s aptly named "Conventional Wisdom" has treated Barbara Boxer's Democratic primary triumph in California as though it were the election itself ("Anita Hill trumps rubber checks. See you in Washington, Di Fi, Lynn Yeakel, and Carol Moseley Braun").

To be sure, there are more women candidates (186) for congressional office than usual. But what has the press all aflutter is not women candidates but liberal Democratic women candidates. As Bob Dole asked in a recent *Washington Post* op-ed, how many stories have mentioned that since 1980 the Republicans have nominated more women to run for the Senate than the Democrats have? In 1990 there were six Republican women running for the Senate, but nobody called that "The Year of the Women." And how come there were no Republican candidates present last week when the National Women's Political Caucus had its "Salute to the 1992 Women Candidates" on Capitol Hill?

Part of the reason has to do with the different ways Democratic and Republican women campaign. Republican women do not campaign on being women, they campaign as candidates with views on a host of issues. "We're kind of the outsiders' outsiders," says Donna Peterson, a graduate of West

*Mr. McGurn is* NR*'s Washington Bureau Chief.*



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Point who is taking on Charlie Wilson in Texas's 2nd District. "We're outsiders because we're women, but we're also outsiders because we're outside the liberal agenda."

That agenda, moreover, is pretty narrowly defined. "It's abortion," says the Eagle Forum's Julie Hoffman. "If you're pro-life, none of the groups supposedly dedicated to getting more women into office will support you." Indeed, both EMILY's List (Democratic) and WISH (Republican) declare openly that only pro-choice women need apply. Women who fall outside this category have a harder time being heard than blacks who buck the civil-rights establishment.

On the Democratic side, this doesn't matter much in primaries, because with all the normal people having departed, the only ones left are the nuts. Thus it's not surprising that Democratic nominees enter their races spouting solidarity with Anita Hill and a commitment to abortion on demand. It's not even surprising that they rack up primary victories—though Miss Braun benefited from a third candidate, Al Hofeld, who spent millions of dollars on ads attacking Dixon.

Turnout was small, too, following the trend since 1972. "Democratic primaries are disproportionately dominated by women," says Democratic political writer Peter Brown, in his book *Minority Party*. "And the women that vote in Democratic primaries are not demographically representative of the electorate that will vote in November. So what you get is much the same situation that led people to nominate George McGovern in 1972."

When Dianne Feinstein captured the gubernatorial nomination in California two years ago, the papers had her setting up house in Sacramento as though Pete Wilson didn't exist. This year, Lynn Yeakel, Barbara Boxer, and Carol Moseley Braun will also be facing opponents in November, and it's a tad early to start ordering furniture for their Senate offices. One might even wonder whether "The Year of the Women" signals less a resurgent feminist strength than the continuing Democratic anemia.

"What's going on in the Democratic Party is the siege of Leningrad," says Kate O'Beirne of the Heritage Foundation. "They've started sending women up to the front lines because they've run out of men." □

# After Velvet, Iron . . .

CHANDLER ROSENBERGER & JAMES DE CANDOLE

BRATISLAVA

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S first genuine multi-party elections on June 5–6 confirm every federalist's worst fears: the two republics are heading in opposite and irreconcilable directions. Free-market reform parties triumphed in the Czech lands and were eliminated by the nationalist Left in Slovakia.

The only positive international reaction to the outcome in Slovakia has come from Havana. According to the Cuban daily, *Trabajadores*, Vladimir Meciar's Movement for a Democratic Slovakia (HZDS) is "the only power in Czechoslovakia now capable of stopping economic reform and the privatization program of federal Finance Minister Vaclav Klaus." As *Trabajadores* points out, "While Vaclav Klaus calls for a continuation of economic policy based solely on market mechanisms, Vladimir Meciar proposes to keep 60 per cent of industry under state control."

Katherine Trunk

Although President Vaclav Havel is better known abroad, from his days as a leader in the intellectual dissent from the Communist regime, *Trabajadores* is right to point to Klaus as Meciar's chief target. The main stumbling block in their talks on the formation of a new federal government is control over economic policy, and it is Klaus's policy that Meciar opposes. Meciar, a former Communist turned nationalist, wants Slovak "economic sovereignty" to preserve state ownership and prop up his republic's antediluvian industries. Klaus, the champion of a resurgent Czech middle class, wants a federation that uniformly pursues the monetarist principles he believes are crucial.

Meciar demands a central bank in each republic with equal representation on a federal board to determine monetary policy. The aim, according to his chief economist, Marian Huska, is to place "our experts" in a position to spur growth in Slovakia by inflating the currency. Klaus will never agree to this. His international reputation is based upon the stability of the Czechoslovakian crown, which has remained steady at thirty to the dollar since he took office. Dr. Jozef Kucerak, a leader of the "velvet revolution" in Slovakia, insists that "A Slovak currency would be the end of the federation."

Meciar opposes Klaus's coupon privatization scheme, under which state assets are transferred into private hands in the form of shares which citizens can trade as they please. Instead, the Slovak state would issue "certificates of ownership" in state property, which it would invest. There would be no real transfer of ownership.

Meciar also opposes the restitution of property seized by the old regime. He claims that restitution is "undemocratic" and promises, "We won't have the bourgeoisie coming here." It is a crude message designed to aggravate the envy instilled in people by forty years of class hatred. "Meciar is floating on a wave of working class popularity," says Kucerak. "The people who vote for him will never benefit from restitution."

Neither Klaus nor Meciar is in a mood to compromise. On balance, Klaus appears to be in the stronger position; he has a clear mandate to keep the federation together. Meciar,

*Mr. Rosenberger is Slovak editor of the* East European Reporter. *Mr. de Candole is the author of* Czechoslovakia: Too Velvet a Revolution?



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on the other hand, campaigned on a ticket of "confederation," not independence. Signs are emerging that some of those who voted for him are shocked by his separatist agenda.

Meciar also knows that Slovakia depends upon Czech subsidies, notwithstanding his frequent tirades against Czech economic "imperialism." His offer of an economic union with the Czech lands is an attempt to maintain subsidies. But Klaus will grant them only if he can be sure that they will ease, rather than postpone, the restructuring of the Slovak economy.

The West should have no illusions about Vladimir Meciar or the reactionary interests he represents. According to the outgoing Slovak prime minister, ex-dissident lawyer Jan Carnogursky, "Meciar is not interested in constitutional government. He wants to govern absolutely." Meciar is a former senior official in the Communist Youth Union. He was educated in Moscow, the traditional finishing school of the Communist elite. He emerged from nowhere in November 1989, and soon after was appointed minister of the interior under Slovakia's first non-Communist government. In June 1990 he was made prime minister.

His contempt for democratic institutions soon became apparent. The most notorious example involved his own interior minister, Anton Andras. Andras infuriated Meciar by dismantling former Communist secret-police networks at the ministry. Meciar demanded Andras's resignation, and when Andras refused, Meciar began illegally curtailing his powers. When Andras protested, Meciar threatened to resign. Public outcry forced Andras out.

In April 1991, Meciar was dismissed as prime minister after he was discovered to have been using secret-police files to blackmail his opponents. There is no reason to assume that he has changed since then. Last week, his press spokesman announced that a non-party Government of National Unity is to be created. The intention is clear: to shift power out of political parties, and into the hands of "experts" dependent for their positions on personal loyalty to Meciar.

Meciar knows that his power lies in his, not his movement's, popularity. He uses mass rallies rather than the party machinery to mobilize support. And Slovak society has no institutions capable of acting as a brake upon political power.

Meciar will try to ensure that nothing stands between him and "the people." At his first post-election press conference, he declared that the recently privatized Danubiaprint will be returned to state hands. Danubiaprint prints every major newspaper in Slovakia. Last week Meciar announced that he seeks the abolition of federal TV and radio, claiming that they are a channel for "federal disinformation." The Slovak media are already in his hands.

Meciar's first target is likely to be the Hungarians who make up 11 per cent of the Slovakian population. The federation has thus far kept the lid on Slovak–Hungarian tensions, but Miklos Duraj, leader of the Hungarian minority, fears that deteriorating economic conditions will lead to the search for internal enemies. "Meciar," Duraj said, "reminds me of the politicians of the 1930s." □

# The Danes and Princess Di

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Alice Mooney

LONDON

TWO unexpected stories burst simultaneously onto the front pages of the British press, reverberating through Westminster and through pubs and clubs and places where they sing. One was the wrecking by the Danes of the Maastricht Treaty; the other was the allegation that the Princess of Wales had tried, more than once, to commit suicide as the only escape from a loveless marriage. Both were sensational items: but the reactions to them are perhaps the most interesting aspect.

First, Maastricht. The treaty had been generally considered, indeed was meant by its authors to be, a further step toward the ultimate goal of a federal Europe. Some slight exemption from its centralist rules had been proudly achieved by John Major, the British prime minister, and Douglas Hurd, the foreign secretary, and the treaty was to have been ratified by the House of Commons the following week: but rejection by the Danes—since unanimity among the European partners was required—has now, in theory, scuppered the whole thing.

Bad news for Mr. Major. Bad news for Mr. Hurd. And, one might think, bad news for the British people. Far from it. "In my local pub," reported a columnist in the *Sunday Telegraph*, "the news came through shortly after 10 P.M. Everybody, of all ages, raised a glass." My experience was the same. It is literally true that I have not met a single person who wasn't delighted by what the Danes had done. People couldn't stop chuckling.

The idea of the great-and-good, the establishment, the *bien-pensants*, slipping on a piece of Danish bacon was part of the fun. But the implications go much further.

The government hastily canceled the parliamentary debate: and the small group of Conservative MPs who have always been Euroskeptics found themselves joined by sixty or seventy more. They will be backed by Eu-

*Mr. Lejeune is* NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*



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roskeptics from the Labour Party, who had also allowed themselves, to be whipped into silence.

Opinion polls show that three out of four people think Britain should hold a referendum too. Mr. Major, however, surrounded by a shield-ring of the great-and-good, still sets his face against it. A thoroughly specious and mutually incompatible range of arguments has been produced. Referenda, the argument goes, are alien to Britain's constitutional tradition: but the whole European entanglement is alien to Britain's constitutional tradition. Such matters are properly decided at a general election, and Britain has just had an election: but, since all three parties were in favor of the European entanglement, the election was, from that point of view, meaningless. There's already been a referendum, in 1975: but that referendum was about as dishonest an affair as one could wish not to see.

The financial editor of the *Daily Mail* has dug from the files a copy of the pamphlet issued by Prime Minister Harold Wilson's government before that 1975 referendum, deriding fears that being part of the European Common Market would entail any loss of sovereignty, or that the British people might have to obey laws passed by "unelected faceless bureaucrats" in Brussels, or that their way of life would be changed any more than it had been by membership in NATO and the United Nations, or that they would have to "eat Eurobread or drink Eurobeer," or that there would be "any proposal for a new law or a new tax" which Britain's representatives could not veto.

In other words, "all your fears are foolish fancies." But the pamphlet and its promises have proved breathtakingly false.

No member of that government or any subsequent government has apologized, or even admitted that the Common Market somehow became the European Community without a by-your-leave being asked from the British people. Europhile politicians do not seem to appreciate the resentment that has already built up over the growing interference from Brussels. The glee over the Danish vote felt and expressed by so many people in Britain is a fact that deserves to be taken seriously: and yet the immediate response of the great-and-good was to start thinking of ways by which Maastricht could be restored.

Similarly over the alleged revelations about the Prince and Princess of Wales, the response of the great-and-good has not chiefly been sympathy for the couple involved, let alone much interest in the truth of the story, but anger that an officially cherished illusion has been punctured; in this case, the illusion that the royal family is impeccable.

To blame the media is both pompous and absurd. What has been alleged is that Diana, the world's most popular person and a future Queen of England, has tried to commit suicide; that she has said she doesn't believe she will ever be Queen; and that she or, at any rate, her close friends have allowed the sad tale to emerge. How could an uncensored press possibly have ignored such a story?

It is equally absurd to blame publication on the republican views of Rupert Murdoch, the proprietor of the *Sunday Times*. There are no constitutional implications. There is no legal or moral reason why the future King of England should be married (except to produce heirs, which Charles has already done), let alone be happily married or a satisfactory husband. Domestic virtue has nothing to do with monarchy—or hadn't until the great-and-good began using the media to project an image of the royal family, not as rulers, but as intimately seen role-models.

Such humbug is not peculiarly British. It applies to Presidents of the United States and Hollywood film stars. It happens wherever professional manipulators woo the media and then resent media stories that do not suit them.

If, like Colonel Sapt in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, Britain's great-and-good simply declared their unwavering loyalty to the Throne, regardless of the incumbent's character, conduct, or fortunes, they would, like Sapt, deserve respect. If, with regard to Britain's involvement in Europe, they said frankly that the matter was too complicated for ordinary people to judge, they would have at least an intellectually respectable argument. What they are in fact showing is the petulance of mandarins when something they thought had been stitched up begins to come unsewn. □

# Israeli Elections: Left Face?

MICHAEL WIDLANSKI

TEL AVIV

THIS IS A BIG election year in many Western countries, but nowhere else will the upheaval in Eastern Europe lead to such direct domestic consequences as in Israel. The massive influx of "Soviet" Jews has suddenly increased the Israeli body politic by 10 per cent, with unpredictable consequences for Israeli democracy. The only sure thing is that it will be one of the meanest elections in Israel's history.

Likud is running scared, and Labor smells blood—the chance to score its first clear victory over Likud in a generation. Labor is trying to cash in on two forces not usually associated with social democrats: a Republican White House and immigrants fleeing the ravages of Communism. The former has denied loan guarantees that would have eased some of the problems with absorbing the latter.

Likud, led by the uncharismatic Yitzhak Shamir, has had the advantage of running against Shimon Peres in the last four elections. Not this time. Labor has ditched the dovish Peres for Yitzhak Rabin, the popular former general.

Most polls indicate Labor will outscore Likud 2 to 1 among the new immigrants, but nobody really *knows* how the immigrants will vote, because they've never voted before. Nor are they veteran participants of public-opinion polls. And the polls—which have traditionally erred in Israel by about the same margin as they erred this year in Britain—are even more suspect than usual because of a huge number of respondents who are undecided or refuse to answer: 40 per cent.

*Mr. Widlanski, former Middle East correspondent of the Cox Newspapers, is a consultant to the Israeli negotiating teams in the bilateral talks with Jordan, Lebanon, the Palestinians, and Syria.*



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The immigrants are virgin territory, targeted by both sides with aggressive telephone pitches, direct-mail *schtick*, and bold Russian-language advertisements even in the Hebrew newspapers. Israel's new law mandating direct election of the prime minister does not take effect until 1996, but the campaign seems to be moving away from ideological stances toward a more glitzy and personal American tone, including "negative" ads.

Likud activists have thrown cups of whiskey at Labor's Rabin to suggest he's an alcoholic, while Likud politicians are reminding voters that Rabin gave up his party leadership in 1977 during a scandal involving failure to close a foreign bank account. Labor in turn has hinted that Likud's defense minister, Moshe Arens, dodged the draft because he never served in the army (he was sent overseas by the Irgun Underground to organize resupply during the 1948 war).

Beyond the ugliness, the fundamental changes in the Israeli electorate are forcing changes in the campaign. Two stories will illustrate.

The last time Shamir ran for re-election, in 1988, he invited me to accompany him on several campaign stops. As I approached the small army helicopter that would take us, along with another reporter and three secret-service men, southward to several development towns in the Negev Desert, Shamir waved in recognition and, chuckling, said in Hebrew: *Hinei ha-amerika'i im hashem ha-polani*—"Here's the American with the Polish name." It was Shamir's way of welcoming me while putting me down for not Hebraicizing my Polish surname the way Shamir (whose original Polish surname was Jazernicki) had changed his. Likud politicians have traditionally played to the more demographically significant Sephardi portion of the population (Afro-Asian Jews) rather than the Ashkenazi (European) sector. Moroccan couscous was in, Polish gefilte fish was out.

Four years later, that has changed. A few days ago Shamir addressed a major rally totally in Yiddish. It is a dialect Jews have called *mama-loshen*—the mother tongue—but it has been ridiculed by many modern Zionists as the language of the ghettos, not the tongue of a proud independent Jewish state. Now, Shamir himself is using it as a bridge to the newest Israeli voters. Labor, meanwhile, has invested heavily in Russian-language newspaper advertisements, and Shimon Peres (whose Polish surname was Persky) is also dusting off his heritage.

Another irony is that the new immigrants may, for the first time, elect a native-born (Sabra) Israeli prime minister. Yitzhak Rabin (who apparently speaks little or no Yiddish, Russian, or Polish) served as prime minister from 1974 to early 1977. He inherited the post from Golda Meir, who resigned amid the scandal over Israel's lack of preparedness in the October 1973 war. Rabin, a hero and architect of the 1967 Six-Day War, was brought to power by

Joseph Borzotta

a Labor Party eager to put on a new, cleaner face.

A similar face-lift is apparent today. Labor even petitioned to have its official name changed on the ballot from "Labor" to "Labor—led by Rabin."

Six months ago most of the "experts" here would have bet that the last thing the Jewish escapees from Communism would do was vote for a Labor Party that had so nurtured government centralism. But today many new immigrants are disappointed that instant citizenship has not been accompanied with instant homes and instant jobs. Over 100,000 new jobs (more than three-quarters of them in the private sector) were created in Israel last year. That is an incredibly high number in a country of five million, but it is little solace for the Soviet physician forced to work as a lab technician or the one in four new immigrants who finds no work at all within the first year in the Promised Land.

Labor has made this its top issue. It has stated that the Bush Administration would not have opposed loan guarantees sought by a Labor government. Though the Administration declares the issue was the settling of Jews in Jerusalem and the disputed territories, most Israelis believe Bush was also sending a signal to the Israeli electorate: Keep Likud and you won't get any U.S. help.

Yet the State Department may have overplayed its hand. It recently issued a statement supporting UN Resolution 194, passed in 1948, calling for rights of refugees to re-settle or choose compensation. This move was condemned by every Jewish politician in Israel as supporting irredentist Arab claims, and the State Department tried to hedge. But Likud may get some mileage out of depicting Labor as the fair-haired boys of the State Department.

Independent polls in May showed Likud getting 30 to 35 seats, versus 40 to 45 for Labor in the 120-seat parliament. The far Left is expected to collect 10 seats and the Arab and Communist (yes, they still exist in Israel) parties, another 5 to 10 seats. That means that even though Rabin himself would not want a coalition with Arabs or Communists, it would be impossible for Likud to form a government, forcing the religious parties to make the best deal possible with Labor.

No fewer than thirty parties are running. The fractionalizing of the vote ensures that regardless of whether Labor or Likud gets the larger number of votes, the party to rule Israel will be the one better able to construct a variegated coalition that would look more like a child's Lego configuration than a rational political structure. But it is at least as likely that neither of the two major parties will be able to form a coalition. Lacking a House of Representatives, Israel would then logically fall back on a "national unity government"—with Labor and Likud sharing power—such as the one that ruled from 1984 to 1988.

Mainstream Israel has long been defined by the two Yitzhaks, Rabin and Shamir. They are known to be more comfortable with each other than with several of their own respective party members. If the election results are close—and I believe they will be—the only question will be which Yitzhak is prime minister and which is defense minister or foreign minister. □



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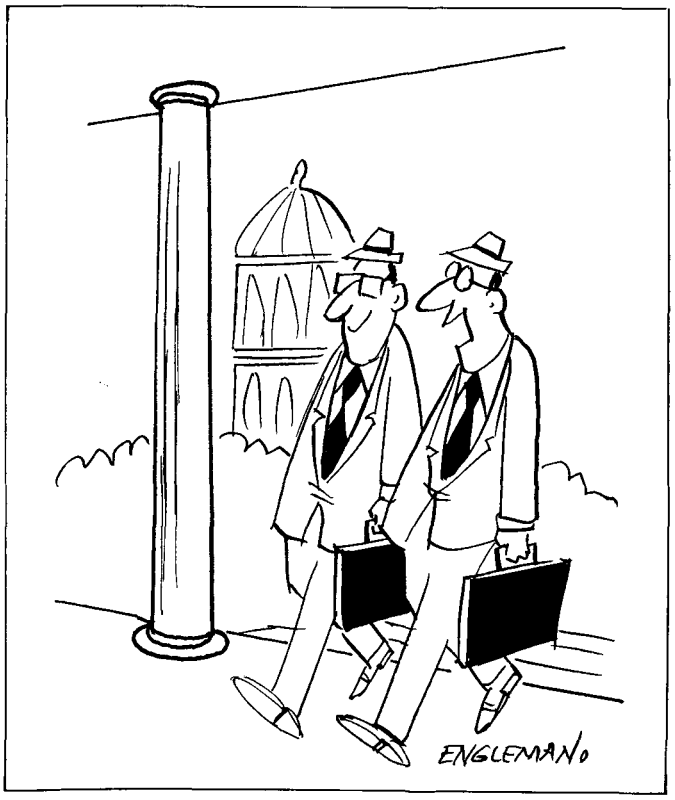
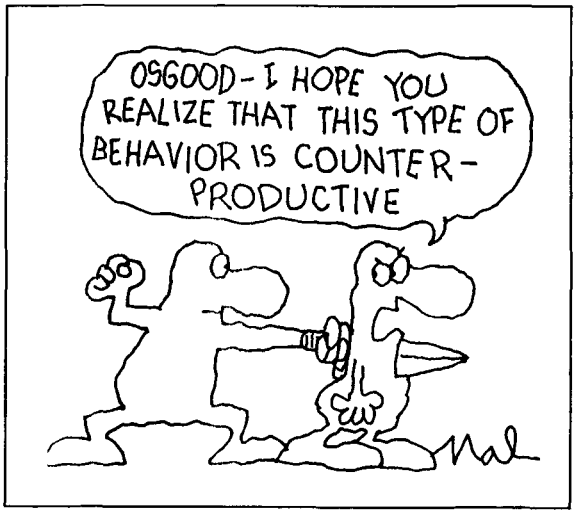



*"My first day back and I already forgot my election promises. How about you?"*

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*"I like to think that I'm totally out of touch with the average American."*

### *Glorobots*

A robotical preacher could speak
In a Scriptural jargon unique,
    And loved to expound,
    "The hardware is sound,
But the integral software is weak."

GLORIA A. MAXSON



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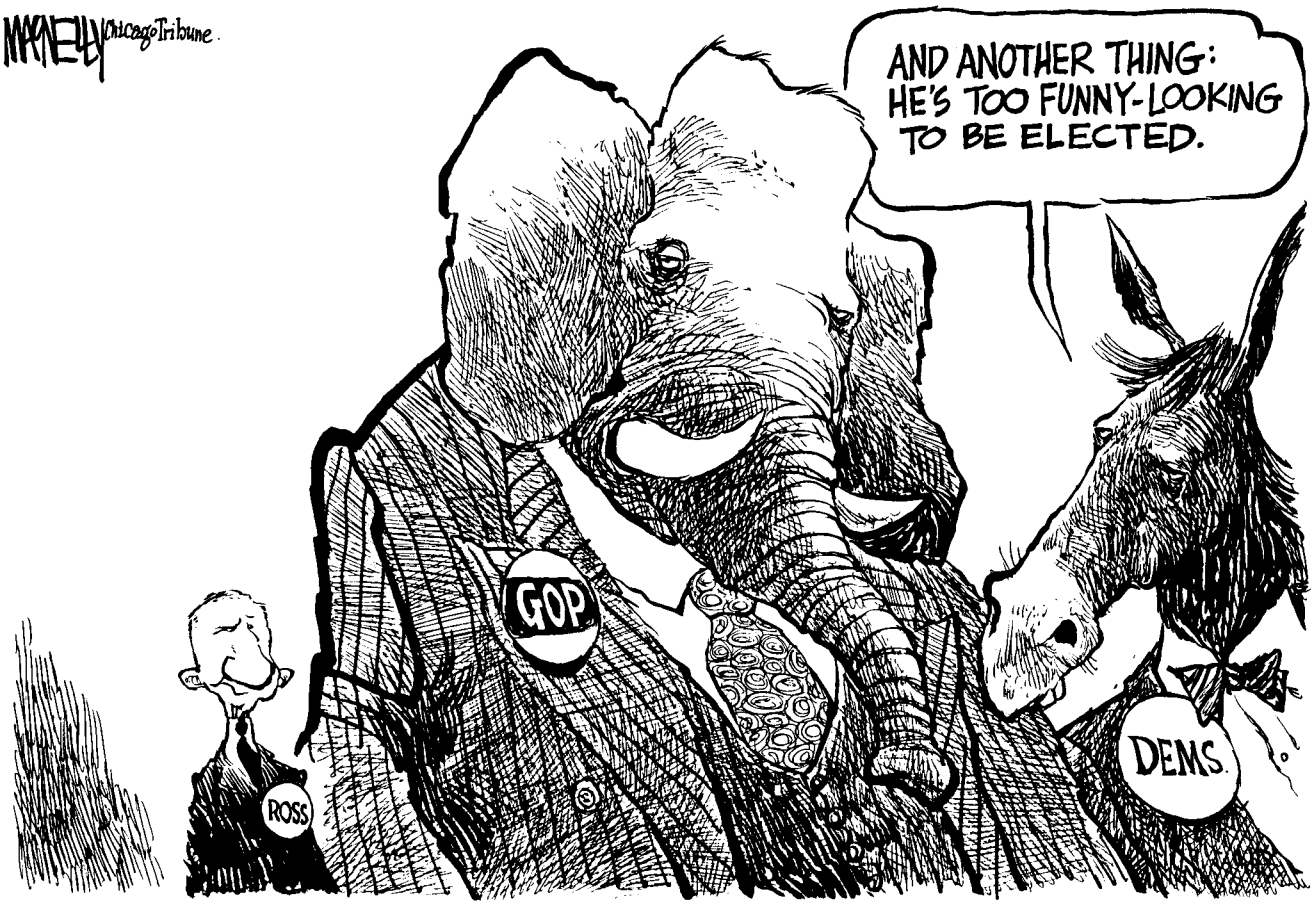


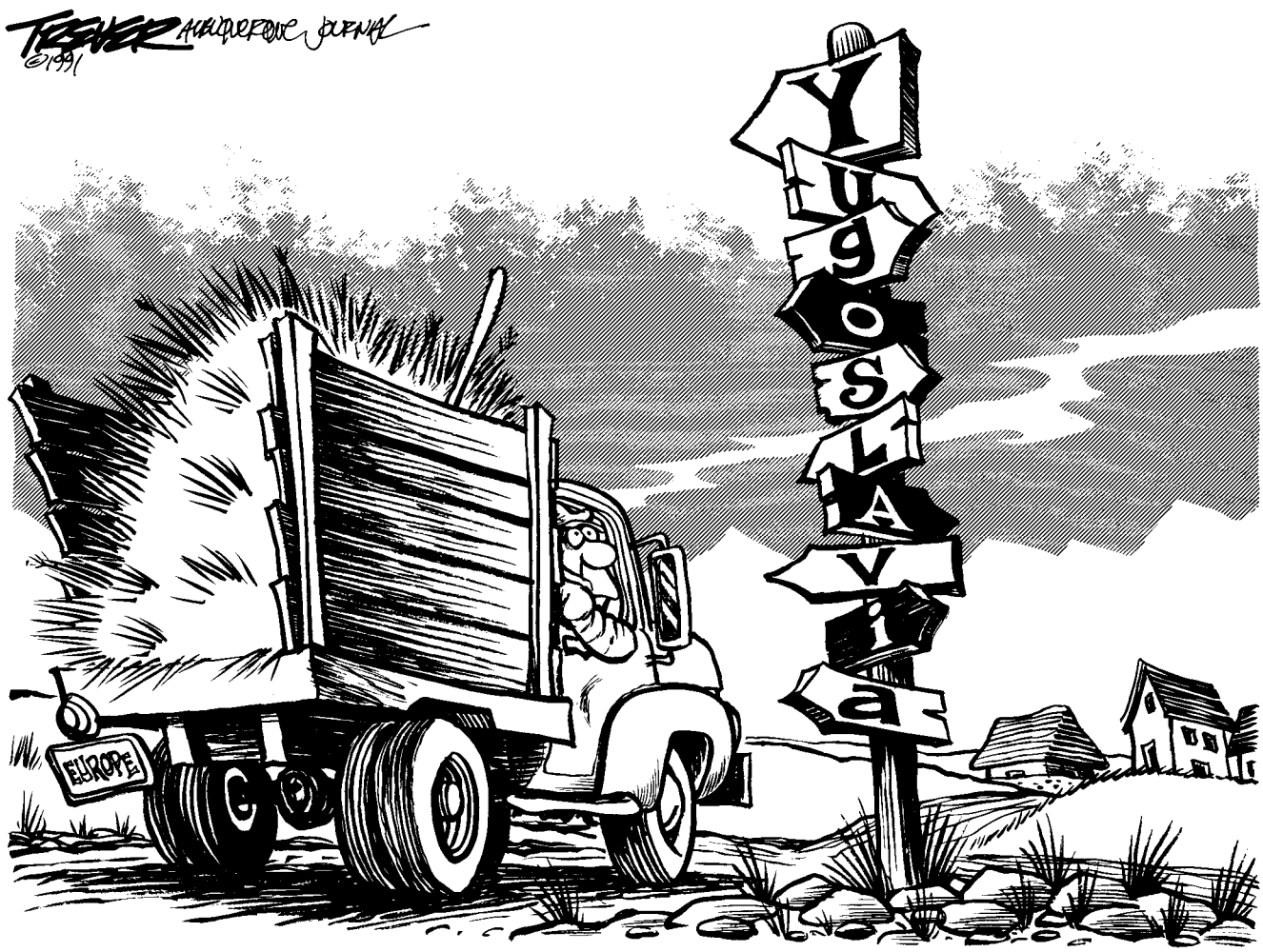




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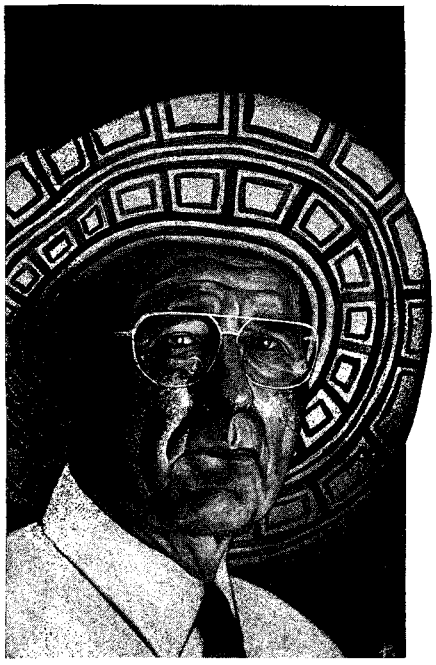

*Flying Down to Rio*

# CARNIVAL OF DUNCES

The brand of environmentalism that triumphed at Rio will do no good to man, beast, or rainforest. For a workable model, President Bush need have looked no farther than to our own forests and fisheries.

**FRED L. SMITH JR.**

RIO IS a beautiful city, shoehorned between steep granite mountains and seemingly infinite sandy beaches where, despite the thinning of the ozone layer, eco-efficient clothing ("less is more") dominates. The city was even more beautiful than usual during the Earth Summit, because its street children and poor had been pushed out of sight to ensure that the Summit's opposition to economic growth would not be mocked by the reality of Third World poverty. Rio's shantytowns clustered on the sides of the mountains, lacking sewers and potable water, received little emphasis at an Earth Summit where the preferred topics were pesticide residues and subtle changes in temperature over the next several hundred years. The Rio skyline is dominated by the massive statue of Christ the Redeemer, and He is the only one Who will be able to help the Brazilian poor as plans to crucify mankind on a cross of green proceed.

The official United Nations Conference on the Environment and Development (UNCED) was headquartered at Rio Center, 45 minutes from downtown. The soldiers were decked out in fresh green uniforms—environmentalism is nothing if not chic—and one was reminded that India has already established "Green Brigades" to act as "ecological vigilantes" throughout the country. Were these the harbingers of that eco-police state that would be needed to impose the full-scale green agenda? The requisite thought control was already in evidence.

Maurice Strong, the conference's secretary general, declared at the official opening that the human race is "a species out of control." He is a member of the Club of Rome, which predicted in 1972 that the world would run out of gold by 1981, mercury by 1985, tin by 1987, petroleum by 1992, and copper, lead, and natural gas by 1993. But no one at Rio was likely to remind Strong or anyone else of the Club's absurd predictions.

There were few skeptics, fewer heroes—but the Vatican delegation did stand out. All the leaders at Rio believed that population was the key problem. Sterilizing the brown people of the underdeveloped world remains a green goal. But the Vatican demurred—and won.

Others defended their particular corner, like the Saudis defending fossil fuels and the Malaysians, timber exports. Perhaps the most poignant voice for common sense belonged to Sam Moyo, the Executive Secretary of the Regional Network of Environmental Experts. He was indignant about the environmental establishment's refusal to accept ideas such as Zimbabwe's program of elephant "conservation through use," which gave that country one of the few African elephant populations that has increased in the past few years. "They talk about sustainable development," he told me, "yet we developed a means of sustaining wildlife, and they have stopped it." The recent Conference on International Trade in Endangered Species ruled that the market in ivory, even though it can provide an economic incentive to preserve elephants and their habitat, was not an acceptable program of conservation. Instead the environmentalists would talk about "eco-tourism," which Moyo points out could never sustain an entire economy. Other Third World representatives view it as nothing less than ecological imperialism.

Crosstown from the conference itself was the Global Forum, a New Age extravaganza, complete with Shirley MacLaine, the Dalai Lama, and a star-studded "Con-

*Mr. Smith is the president and founder of the Competitive Enterprise Institute. He helped coordinate "Earth Summit Alternatives" in Rio.*



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cert for Life." Here was the center of activity for the "non-governmental organizations," or NGOs—so-called because most of them are paid for by taxpayers—where group after group had set up booths to hawk their recycled ideologies. There one could find every element of the political environment, from the "essential role of women" in sustainable development (Bella Abzug serves as one of Strong's advisors) to the need to give animals complete dominion over the earth.

A single handwritten page produced by the environmental and developmental NGOs condemned the Saudis for opposing anti-energy policies, the Malaysians for raising the eco-imperialism theme, and the United States, "unanimously and without debate," as the worst participant in the Earth Summit. Not since the Vietnam War has the U.S. been so widely vilified for its "isolation" from the sentiments of the world.

## *What We Should Have Said*

ALL THIS could have been avoided. The concerns dominant at Rio—climate change, biodiversity, deforestation, sustainable development—are all policy areas about which the U.S. boasts solid achievements. (See James R. Dunn, p. 34.)

The U.S. itself offers a valuable model on how economic and ecological values can be reconciled. Those resources which have been integrated into the market system of voluntary exchanges are increasingly abundant. In the U.S. gasoline is cheaper than Perrier.

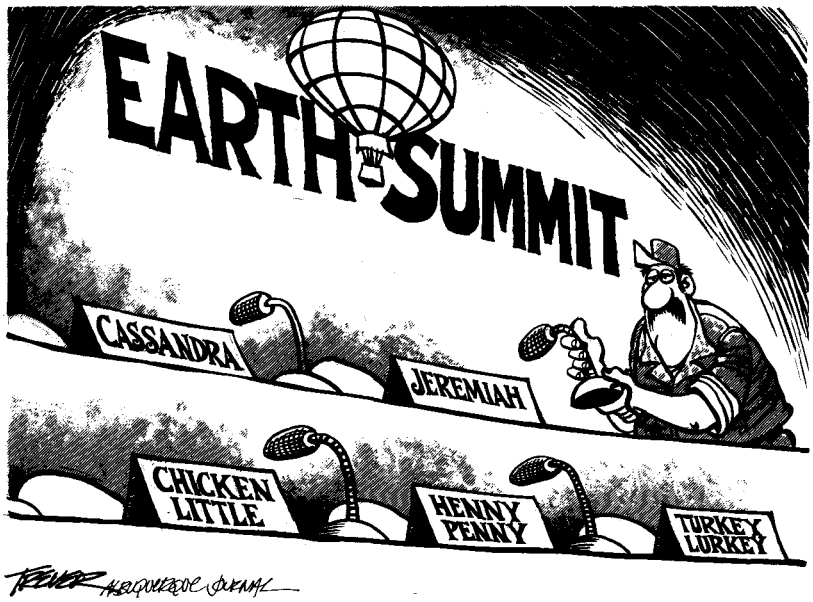
But we have found that most environmental fears have been vastly overstated, and the risks (economic and health) of current environmental policies (the Clean Air Act, Superfund, the Endangered Species Act, the proposed carbon taxes) are much greater—and the effectiveness far less—than once believed. But the U.S. made no effort to raise these points, or the science of climate change, biodiversity, or anything else. It accepted the general premise that the time for thinking was over; it was time for action. The major risks of politicizing the world's economy were not even recognized. The U.S. presented no policy alternatives at Rio and the world was understandably confused.

Rather than aggressively promote a privatization strategy as the dominant means of achieving sustainable development, the Bush Administration has ceded all moral and intellectual premises to the opposition. As EPA administrator William Reilly proudly proclaimed the day the Earth Summit opened, "The United States embraces enthusiastically the goals of this conference." Despite continuing scientific uncertainty over the likelihood and impact of a global warming, Reilly beamed that "the United States strongly supports the climate-change agreement." He did his best to embarrass the Administration with his efforts to reverse the White House position on the Biodiversity Treaty.

No one should have been surprised. Reilly and the President's other key Rio advisor, "Buff" Bohlen at the State Department, were both formerly employed by the World Wildlife Fund, a leading proponent of the green trade restrictions that now threaten to undermine economically rational environmental programs in Zimbabwe and elsewhere. The normal OMB check on environmental imperialism was neutralized by Mr. Bush's appointment to the OMB review post of Robert Grady, another environmental true believer. At Rio, the world also saw a growing liaison between the environmental ministers of the world. Reilly and German environmental minister Klaus Topfer have far more in common with each other than with their respective countrymen, indeed than with their respective political bosses.

The widespread nonsense at the Rio conference would not be quite so disheartening but for the endorsement it received from President Bush's attendance. Along with others, I had sought to dissuade the President from going. That anyone favoring economic growth would support a move to reject progress as a goal of Western Civilization seemed insane.

True, he did recognize that some of the Earth Summit treaties were particularly damaging, for example that extending the Endangered Species Act (most recently applied in the spotted-owl controversy) to the world was a bad idea. But he compromised by signing one economically destructive treaty, that dealing with climate change. This treaty accepts the view that carbon dioxide—the substance we exhale—is a "pollutant" and that it should be reduced as soon as possible. No timetables have been announced, but Mr. Reilly and the President have rushed around saying how rapidly they intend to move. Mandatory energy conservation steps—higher gasoline taxes, further coercive steps to force Americans into smaller (and less safe) cars, bans on driving—all have been given a boost by the decision to sign this treaty.




Rio may well mark the demise of the Western idea of



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progress—the belief that Man's efforts can make the world a better place. Belief in progress has been replaced by the notion of a planet in peril caused by too many people consuming too much. And, a solution, which the U.S. seems to have adopted without realizing it, is that more people must consume less. □

# SAVING THE SPECIES

**RICHARD MINITER**

TO HEAR THEM talk in Rio, you might suppose that the Treaty on Biodiversity—which President Bush refused to sign because of its threat to the U.S. biotechnology industry, but which he half endorsed in his speech—is essential to save some thousands of species from extinction at the hands of economic development. And this apocalyptic environmentalism is the only respectable view on the subject.

Every major institution has its resident doomster. Stanford biologist Paul Ehrlich—fresh from paying up to Julian Simon after losing his 1970 bet that various raw material shortages would send their prices skyrocketing (in fact there were no shortages; prices fell)—says as many as 3 per cent of living organisms could be extinct by the end of the decade and urged Americans to immediately "cease 'developing' any more relatively undisturbed land."

"The Earth is nearing a stage of extinction of species unequaled since that of the age of the dinosaurs," cries a 1989 General Accounting Office report.

Dark predictions about an impending loss of species go back to Norman Myers's 1979 book *The Sinking Ark*. The world could "lose one-quarter of all species by the year 2000," Myers warns, at which time, development would trigger "an extinction spasm accounting for one million species."

These predictions are all flawed at the outset by one fundamental fact—no one knows how many species actually exist. As recently as the 1960s, scientists thought there were about 4 million species. Then estimates exploded when biologists realized how numerous and diverse life was in tropical rain forests. Estimates of global species counts range as high as 100 million, but taxonomists have catalogued only a little fewer than 1.4 million. The rest is guesswork.

Almost every estimate of species loss is based on computer models. These models rely upon assumptions that overstate potential extinction rates. Modelers assume that habitats are like islands which shrink as development spreads. But the analogy is faulty. On islands, animals can't adapt to rising seas, but many animals can adapt to human development, especially when the development in question is light farming or low-density housing. Another flaw is that the computer models are based on thirty-year-old tropical-island research. Since tropical areas have more life per square foot than temperate areas, habitat loss is bound to take a larger toll in the tropics. By extrapolating from tropical data, some models overstate the human impact on wildlife.

If there were a major problem of disappearing species, would the UN Biodiversity Treaty solve it? Fortunately, we have a precedent to examine here. The Biodiversity Treaty's American ancestor is the Endangered Species Act, which is currently up for re-authorization. The 1973 Act was a Nixon-era nod to the greens. It requires that federal agencies preserve "the ecosystems upon which endangered species and threatened species depend." But the law is murky in several key provisions. An "endangered" species is one near extinction throughout all or most of its range. How this is determined is largely at the discretion of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS), which is regularly petitioned by environmentalists and anti-development activists to add still more species to the more than 1,140 already on the endangered list.

Even the term "species" is vaguely defined by law. "Species" includes "any subspecies of fish or wildlife or plants and any other group of fish or wildlife of the same species or smaller taxa in common spatial arrangement." In other words, any plant or animal living in a definable region can be legally called "endangered." If the FWS wanted to list the squirrels in the park across from the White House as an "endangered" subspecies, they could do it.

"Never mind that the Lafayette Park grey squirrel is indistinguishable from the grey squirrels in any other park in Washington," Eric Felton wrote recently in *Insight* magazine. "The Lafayette Park squirrels are geographically divided from their relatives, separated by blocks of urban jungle, and so can be considered as a distinct subspecies to be listed for protection." Felton asked John Fay, an FWS biologist, if the agency really had the discretion to list the squirrels in Lafayette Park as endangered. Fay says he thinks it unlikely the FWS would act that way, but he acknowledges, "In a very narrow legal sense, it's true."

Perhaps the best example of the misuse of the Endangered Species Act is what enthusiasts call "the salt marsh harvest mouse story."

Federal officials told a man owning both marshland and upland property in California that he could develop

*Mr. Miniter is an independent television producer who frequently writes on environmental issues.*



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neither piece of land, because of the salt marsh harvest mouse, a small animal that lives in briny estuaries close to the sea. The owner challenged the officials, pointing out that the mouse liked wet, salty areas, not dry uplands. Ah, said the officials, you're right. But if global warming occurs, the polar ice caps will melt, and if the ice caps melt, the seas will rise, and if the seas rise, the mouse will be forced to seek new habitat. And the most likely habitat would be your uplands.

"I used to tell that story at conferences. I'd get a few laughs, but I was sure it was apocryphal," says Mark Pollot, author of the forthcoming book *Grand Theft & Petit Larceny: Property Rights in America*. "Then I told it once and a man said, 'That's my client.'"

Furthermore, the Act doesn't even do what it's supposed to do. Of the more than 1,140 species listed as endangered, only 17 have ever been taken off the list. Out of the 17, seven were "de-listed" because of extinction and four more because of what the FWS calls "original data error." And three more species recovered because of natural factors unrelated to the Act, according to the National Wilderness Institute in Virginia.

The FWS in its 1990 report to Congress admits the American alligator is its only "success story," and it's not much of a showpiece. The American alligator lost most of its habitat in the first place because the Army Corps drained the Kissimmee river basin. Then, when the time came to reverse government policies and protect the alligator, the FWS may have undercounted the surviving alligators. "It now appears that the animal never should have been placed on the endangered species list," said the National Wildlife Federation.

The FWS seems less interested in rescuing species from extinction than in placing them on the list. Of the 1,140 listed species, the FWS has completed recovery plans for only 275. It seems that "almost all of the emphasis of environmental groups and government agencies is on the listing end of the process, and there is practically nothing happening on the recovery end," writes Utah State University professor Randy T. Simmons, who is researching a book on endangered species, bureaucracy, and property rights.

Listing and recovering all of the 4,197 species environmentalists want could cost taxpayers some $32.3 billion, according to the Interior Department. "And that figure excludes the cost of compensating property owners, lost jobs, and lost tax revenues," says Ike Sugg, an analyst at the Competitive Enterprise Institute. There has to be a better way.

## *Public Slaughter, Private Conservation*

HAWK MOUNTAIN claws its way into the sky above eastern Pennsylvania's Kittatinny Ridge. Geography and wind patterns combine to funnel some twenty thousand birds, mostly hawks, ospreys, falcons, and eagles, past the mountain on an average fall day. Until 1934 it was site of an annual slaughter of tens of thousands of birds. Bowing to political pressure, the Pennsylvania legislature placed a bounty on the goshawk, which was said to kill chickens.

It would have been cheaper for the state to simply reimburse farmers who lost chickens. At the peak of the bounty period, Pennsylvania paid out more than $90,000 for hawks that may have killed a total of $1,875 worth of chickens. And by subsidizing hawk slayings, the state encouraged an explosion of rodents which caused an estimated $4 million worth of crop damage in 1934 alone.

When Rosalie Edge, a conservationist and suffragette, learned of the hawk killings, she urged the Audubon Society to buy Hawk Mountain. When it refused, she took matters into her own hands, buying the 1,398-acre mountain property in 1935.

It's a situation some environmentalists might consider ironic. By exercising her property rights, Miss Edge prevented state-sponsored ecological destruction. Hawk Mountain is now a world renowned bird-watching site and hosts more than fifty thousand visitors every year. "Property rights hold everyone accountable and provide niches for off-beat groups [to try new approaches] in a setting where majority rules," says Rich-

## *The Coming Heat Wave*

"High mountain glaciers in South America and Asia are becoming warmer and melting away at a drastic and accelerating pace that suggests global warming has been speeding up over the last forty to sixty years. . . .

"It won't be much longer, [Lonnie] Thompson [of Ohio State University's Byrd Polar Research Center] said, before these ancient frozen repositories are gone."

—*Washington Post* Science Notebook, May 2, 1992

Global warming "is a problem most experts deem potentially serious."

—*New York Times*, February 18, 1992

### *Then Again, Maybe Not*

"[There are] widely publicized predictions that in coming decades the world climate will deteriorate, severely affecting food production and, perhaps, initiating a new ice age."

—*New York Times*, August 14, 1975

"A model of future climate based on the observed orbital-climate relationships, but ignoring anthropogenic effects, predicts that the long-term trend over the next several thousand years is toward extensive Northern Hemisphere glaciation."

—*Science*, December 10, 1976

"[We may see] the approach of a full-blown ten-thousand-year ice age." —*Science*, March 1, 1975

"a new ice age must now stand alongside nuclear war as a likely source of wholesale death and misery." —*International Wildlife*, July 1975



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ard Stroup, with the Political Economy Research Center in Bozeman, Montana.

Hawk Mountain points the way to a new approach to endangered species. Landowners can do extraordinary things to save species that are in jeopardy. Falconer organizations saved the peregrine falcon from extinction. North American bluebird populations rebounded thanks to the efforts of the North American Bluebird Society. The Nature Conservancy owns or manages more than 2 million acres of habitat. The National Audubon Society owns more than eighty bird sanctuaries. Ducks Unlimited, a non-profit organization founded by hunters and conservationists in 1935, buys and protects duck habitat throughout North America. Trout Unlimited, the Elk Foundation, and other groups perform similarly.

In short, humans are central to preserving and protecting wildlife. That's why privately owned species like chickens, cows, and horses—all of which were foreign to North America—outnumber publicly owned native species like bison, alligators, and passenger pigeons. No privately owned or managed species has ever been driven to extinction.

To own a species, one doesn't have to cage or fence it; ownership means that the owner is the sole steward. Owners have a direct, personal, and long-term interest in their property which government bureaucrats lack. They will fund research to learn, for example, how to combat diseases that afflict the wildlife they own.

And protecting endangered species can be financially rewarding. Timber companies are fencing off their land, limiting access to paying hunters. This is called "fee

## *America the Beautiful*

THROUGH most of recorded history, human beings have had a negative impact on their environment. Starting about 4,000 B.C., for example, the Sumerians and their contemporaries adjacent to Mesopatamia stripped the forests of the Zagros Mountains of Iran and the Taurus Mountains of Turkey, enormously accelerating the development of the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. On the Tigris, Baghdad, once on the Persian Gulf, is now 320 miles away; Ur on the Euphrates was also a port city, and its ruins are now 150 miles from the Gulf. These ancient environmental problems still exist in the poor nations of the world, where the rate of environmental deterioration is the greatest in history.

Only the world's wealthy industrial democracies, of all civilizations in history, have ever improved their environments in any significant way. Development has changed the face of North America—by making it green.

Before the European immigrants settled the region from the Appalachians to the Rockies, the area was a vast grazing land for buffalo herds. The Indians maintained this grassland by burning—a practice of primitive people everywhere throughout history. Thus much of the prairies and the vast buffalo herds were artifacts of the Indian culture. When the Europeans settled the area in the mid 1800s, they were surprised to see woods appear in many areas where they did not till the land. Large sections of America's Midwest reverted to natural forest cover. One of the largest areas of new woods in the world is some 75 million acres of mesquite in Texas and contiguous states. Along with natural revegetation, trees were introduced by settlers. At nearly every farmhouse, in every town, and along many field boundaries trees were planted.

To be sure, later generations started harvesting these trees, for firewood and for lumber. By the first decade of this century tree harvesting had reached a point where a series of articles in the *New York Times* predicted total deforestation of the United States. One article even suggested outlawing Christmas trees. But even as the deforestation alarm was raised, changes had begun to occur. First, alternatives to wood as an energy source became available. And we moved energy more efficiently, so that the costs of energy sources besides wood burning became reasonable. Of equal importance, the productive efficiency of our new industries created wealth for the general public so the population could buy those new forms of energy. This was the first phase of taking pressure off our woods.

Meanwhile, progress in other areas contributed to recovery of our forests. Modern agricultural technology, thanks largely to industrial chemicals, became far more efficient, enormously increasing productivity per acre. Since we needed less land to produce food, inefficient farms, often on excessively steep and erodable slopes, were abandoned, and their land reverted to forest. And the wood we used for lumber lasted longer, thanks to the greater use of wood preservatives.

In the United States today we grow more wood than we cut, and have been doing so for decades. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), each year we grow from 20 to 150 per cent more than is cut, depending on the species. In the Eastern states more than 50 million acres of new forest have sprung up since about 1920, with over 12 million acres of that growth in the most populous Eastern state, New York. Though this is largely the result of natural reforestation of abandoned farmland, many trees are planted by land owners: since the state nursery at Saratoga opened about 1900, New Yorkers have purchased nearly two billion new trees from that nursery alone.

Soil conservation is another American success story. Drive through the farmlands of the Midwest and you will see contour plowing, fields cut by grassed waterways, and steep slopes left untilled—all effective anti-erosion methods. And trees surrounding the fields minimize wind erosion (a surveying party observed a major dust storm in northern Kansas in 1830, *before* whites settled there). According to the USDA, we

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hunting." Controlled access and changes in logging practices improve the land significantly. "Lands that were once an eyesore with no game are now a showcase with abundant herds," William Wall, a wildlife ecology manager with IP Timberlands, told *Forbes*. IP Timberlands, a limited partnership mostly owned by International Paper, protects bald eagles and cockaded woodpeckers while allowing recreational use of its 6.3 million acres for a small fee. The recreation program generated about $10 million in 1990.

Private ownership and management—whether not-for-profit like Hawk Mountain or decidedly profitable like IP Timberlands—succeeds because of property rights. An owner has a stake in his property and will work to improve it. Take the case of the Gulf of Mexico redfish. In the 1980s, the redfish population dwindled drastically. Accusing fishermen of greed, several governments banned all commercial fishing in certain waters. Meanwhile, the population of Mississippi catfish increased 500 per cent during the same period. Why are redfish headed for extinction and catfish thriving?

The main reason, surely, is that no one owns the redfish; therefore, there is no incentive for any one fisherman to reduce his catch or snitch on those who overfish. On the other hand, catfish are owned. Owners ensure that catfish ponds have optimum oxygen levels and are kept free of disease.

Experience suggests that government control encourages environmentally unsound behavior, while ownership leads to environmental responsibility. But the Endangered Species Act and the Biodiversity Treaty operate on exactly opposite principles. □

have reduced erosion of farmland by one-fifth just since 1985.

Another major American success is water conservation. There is good reason to worry—we are still "mining" the water of some major aquifers, removing water that may never be replaced—but we have taken many impressive strides. From 25 to 30 per cent of the stored water in the U.S. is in manmade ponds and reservoirs taking up less than 50,000 acres; in addition to conserving water, the ponds are used by waterfowl and other wildlife, and most are stocked with fish. Our forests retard water runoff, increasing our groundwater resource and reducing erosion. In 1960 the sewage waste of only 20 per cent of the U.S. population was treated; by 2000, it will be 95 per cent. The cost of water clean-up, largely sewage treatment, has been over $300 billion, but it is mostly money well spent. Drinking water is a major problem for most of the world's people; the high quality of our drinking water has almost eliminated problems like cholera, dysentery, and typhoid.

Wildlife are also prospering. In my home state, New York, which many imagine to be covered with asphalt, white-tailed deer were once restricted to two small herds, one in the Adirondacks and one in the Catskills; now they are abundant throughout the state. The official deer harvest of about 200,000 per year in recent years is many times larger than New York's total deer population in the 1920s. (The populations of coyotes and opossums in New York are also increasing. Even moose are returning—New York's first moose–car accident was recorded in 1990.)

According to a recent survey by the USDA, turkeys are up over 250 per cent in the past 15 years in 18 Eastern states. A 1991 survey of wintering waterfowl by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation found an increase of 9 per cent from the average of the past decade. Canadian geese are up a striking 2,600 per cent since they were first surveyed in the 1940s. In the Western U.S., the population of prong-horned antelope and elk has also increased dramatically in the past 15 years. In the Midwest birds and animals that require trees for their habitats are far more abundant than before the arrival of whites.

These environmental changes occurred even though the human population of the U.S. has more than tripled since 1900: our population's expansion did not come at the expense of our natural environment.

This is obscured by talk, so common in the context of the Rio summit, about the "world environment." The fact is, there are two world environments, that of the wealthy industrial democracies, and that of the poor, non-industrial nations. In the wealthy nations, environmental threats are largely thought of in terms of the effects of industrial chemicals. Often the problems are measured in parts per million (or per billion), or based on the scientifically controversial concept that one particle or molecule could kill you. The time frame for health problems from such substances is usually some indefinite future date. Meanwhile, we continue to live longer.

Environmental problems in the poor nations are measured in terms of worn-out or lost soil, decreased agricultural productivity, depleted forests, threatened habitats for virtually every species of wildlife, decreasing water resources, rampant disease, and starvation. Their environmental problems are immediate and likely to be related to the next meal. And they are likely to persist unless economic development lifts their people out of poverty.

Indeed, by seeing technology, industry, and free enterprise as the causes of environmental problems, we make these problems worse. Maurice Strong, secretary general of the Earth Summit, actually claims "we may get to the point where the only way of saving the world will be for industrial civilization to collapse." This is not environmentalism, it is Luddism. Is it any wonder that Dr. Mostafa K. Tolba, executive director of the UN's Environmental Program, hears "loud complaints from a number of developing countries that the rich are more interested in making the Third World into a natural-history museum than they are in filling the bellies of its people"?

—James R. Dunn



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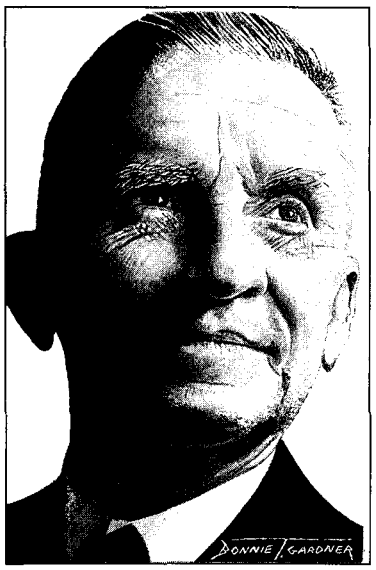


*The Perot Tidal Wave*

# HOW BUSH CAN WIN

George Bush can still pull it out—
if he stops listening to his campaign coaches
and borrows the playbooks
of Generals Clausewitz and Patton

**WICK ALLISON**

THE ONLY thing predictable about a tidal wave is that it will recede. Guessing when is another matter.

The White House, the Republican Establishment, and the conservative leadership have been huddling in their windswept perches for weeks, nervously peering into the storm. Richard Darman sniffed to ABC News in April that the Perot phenomenon would be dead before summer. (This is the same fellow who advised the President to bet all his marbles on a State of the Union address.) My colleague William Bennett announced on the Rush Limbaugh show in early June that it would be over by September. William F. Buckley Jr., whose prescience I admire because I've lost bets with him, said recently it will fade "by Election Day." The predictions are starting to cut a little close.

Of course, every time one of these expert forecasts is made, it only adds fuel to the suspicion among Perot supporters that the political establishment has coalesced to block the first true citizens' movement since Eisenhower.

Guys, it's time to wake up and smell the coffee. The only way the President can win is to face facts. Here are a few of the more unpleasant:

*George Bush has lost the leadership advantage.* This is the crucial measurement by which Americans judge their presidential aspirants, and for an incumbent to fall so far behind an untested Dallas businessman at this point in the game means that recovery will take every ounce of skill and nerve he can muster. Bush's approval rating, which has been in free fall since March, may go up or down a few points in the weeks ahead, but that doesn't matter: Ross Perot has grabbed the dominating issue of any presidential race, and he is smart enough to hold onto it for dear life.

*George Bush has squandered conservative support.* Ronald Reagan spent a lifetime amassing the political capital that would allow conservatives to win, and, like a profligate son, George Bush ran through the inheritance in only three years. Despite the valiant efforts of Dan Quayle, Bush can't expect to run the flag up the pole and have the troops rally round; more likely, conservatives would demand to have the flag pulled down so they can check the stitching and the dye. In other words, Bush's credibility is shot. Why should conservative leaders waste their own limited capital trying to talk their people into allowing Richard Darman and Nicholas Brady four more years to inflict their theories of deficit reduction on the American people?

*The Republican Convention will be an unmitigated public-relations disaster.* National presidential polls, especially in a three-man race, are meaningless—except for their effect on morale. With the President's approval ratings in the mid thirties or high twenties by August 17, the convention hoopla will seem faked—heck, it *will* be faked. And try to imagine what the speeches will be about. Everyone expects Republicans to bash Democrats, but will senators, governors, and congressmen who are up for re-election turn their guns on Perot when his independent voters will be in a position to make the difference in their own races? As John F. Kennedy once said, "Sometimes party loyalty asks too much." Meanwhile, count on the cameras to seek out delegates with Perot buttons under their lapels.

## *Strategic Retreat*

IN A SITUATION that has all the characteristics of a rout, the only answer is to make a strategic retreat. George Bush has to summon up from the depths of his character the competitive drive of the athlete who can absorb a few hits without being thrown off his game.

General von Clausewitz laid out the requirements for a defensive position 160 years ago:

1. It is established on favorable terrain and cannot be bypassed.

2. It gives the defender an advantage in establishing and extending lines of communication.

The battle in which Bush is engaged is a battle for electoral votes. In retreat, he must cede California and the West, except for loyalist Utah, to Perot, who, as this year's "man on horseback," has already subliminally grabbed the mantle of the Right. Perot has done this in spite of his stands on

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many issues that are anything but conservative, and this tells us a lot about "issues" in presidential elections.

The fact is, "issues" in themselves are not very important. Positioning and group identification are much more potent, as Bush himself showed in 1988 by isolating Michael Dukakis as a Massachusetts liberal elitist who wasn't even in favor of the Pledge of Allegiance.

That was painting with a broad brush, just as Ross Perot is doing now, but it can also be done with a much finer hand. In 1960 MIT Professor Ithiel de Sola Pool, at the urging of Bobby Kennedy, identified 480 distinct behavioral clusters in the voting population. These were not "special interest" groups gathered around "issues"; rather they were groups of people who tended to think and act in the same pattern—for example, urban black unmarried females. By late September, when polls showed Jack Kennedy losing to Richard Nixon nationwide, an examination of Professor de Sola Pool's simulation showed Kennedy how to respond: by going to Houston to attack anti-Catholicism. The target group of that attack? A tiny voting cluster that polls showed solidly in Nixon's corner: Southern male Republican Catholics. When they perceived themselves—through Kennedy—to be under attack, they switched sides, Texas was carried with 50.8 per cent of the vote, and the election was (barely) won.

Now to the strategic retreat and how to turn it to Bush's advantage.

*Texas and Florida*. These two states are where Bush's defensive position must be established. They cannot be bypassed: neither Bill Clinton nor Ross Perot can win the Presidency without them. And although Bush is behind in both in recent polling, they are favorable terrain; in both states the lowest Republican on the statewide ticket routinely carries 42 per cent of the vote. The primaries showed—and current polls indicate—that 30 per cent of Republicans are in revolt against President Bush. That leaves a base of 29 per cent. They need to be identified—by door-to-door canvassers if possible, by paid telephone operatives if that's the only way—to ensure the same turnout that saved the day against Pat Buchanan in New Hampshire. Only Bush has this solid a core of identified voter names on which to build.

*The Northeast*. George Bush can come home again. With early polls showing him carrying New York and Massachusetts—reflecting Northeastern distaste for Ross Perot's East Texas twang and Bill Clinton's Arkansas drawl—Bush descends to the position of regional candidate. Take it and run with it.

*The Industrial States*. Here's a place where an issue does matter: abortion. Polls show 2 per cent vote solely on pro-choice grounds, 6 per cent solely on anti-abortion grounds: a net 4-point advantage for Bush against two pro-choice candidates. If he can hold his Republican base (a big if), anti-abortion Reagan Democrats could help him secure Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois.

## *What to Say?*

IN FOLLOWING the second half of Clausewitz's advice—establishing and extending lines of communication—it is important to know what and when to communicate. During the summer defensive phase I think Bush's team needs to concentrate on three things:

1. *Engage Clinton to keep him in the race*. The Democrat has disappeared off the screen, and that's bad news for Bush. A strong showing by Clinton means Bush needs only 34 to 37 per cent to carry Texas and Florida; a sunk Clinton may require Bush to get 42 per cent or more, which looks increasingly difficult.

2. *Demonstrate consistency*. Bob Teeter may be the most brilliant pollster in America, but as campaign chief he's the wrong man at the wrong place: it's his overnight polls that have kept his candidate constantly off balance. Nobody at the White House has the experience to put this raw information into perspective for a skittish President. Bush needs an anchor, not a weathervane, at the top of his campaign. Take a page from Perot's playbook: if you aren't one, hire one.

3. *Stay off the air*. Every time the President goes on television his approval ratings drop. There is a rhythm to a campaign, and once the Perot tidal wave has unleashed its full force, the American people may be interested in taking a second look at the President in order to judge between him and his challenger. Until then, work the states where his physical presence will do some good.

It never dawned on Patton to treat any move made by Rommel with anything but total respect. The President has an opponent whose exhilarating offense has him totally on the defensive. It is now time to learn how to play defense—or prepare to play golf instead.

George Bush inherited his good manners, his social station, and his Presidency. If he hopes to have a second term, he'll have to earn it. □



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*What Does Mo Know?*

# WATERGATE INVESTIGATED

A 1972 burglary sent a President packing and his Attorney General to jail. We may yet find out why.

**JAMES S. ROSEN**

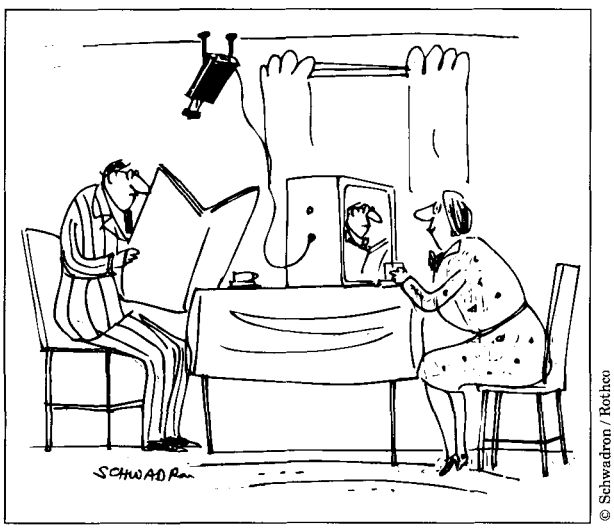
"WHAT IS history," asked Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" The Watergate Fable never achieved unanimous agreement, but History records (so far) that the break-in* was ordered by John N. Mitchell. Mitchell had resigned his post as Richard Nixon's Attorney General to manage the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CRP—or Creep, as it was quickly dubbed). In that capacity, says History, Mitchell gave the green light to the Watergate burglars.

At the time, Mitchell admitted that he, along with White House counsel John Dean and CRP deputy head Jeb Magruder, listened to various illegal schemes G. Gordon Liddy proposed without doing much to derail them. But Mitchell denied that he had ever given any positive authorization for the break-ins. He also denied that he tried to spring burglar James McCord from jail, by all accounts the very first act in the cover-up.

Mitchell's denials fell on deaf ears. But now, as Watergate aficionados start their twentieth-anniversary celebration, a new trial lumbers toward its day in court, reopening the questions that have haunted historians for two decades: Who ordered the Watergate burglaries, and why?

## *Reopening the Case*

THE SENATE Watergate Committee, the House Judiciary Committee, the jury in *U.S.* v. *Mitchell*, and just about everyone else in America, including Richard Nixon, believed Mitchell's accusers, John Dean and Jeb Magruder. Both Dean (now an investment banker) and Magruder (now an ordained Presbyterian minister) received lenient prison sentences for their cooperation in sending Mitchell to prison and Richard Nixon into retirement. Liddy, for his part, clammed up—until he published his 1980 autobiography *Will*, flatly contradicting Dean's and Magruder's testimony, but to little public notice.



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Despite the confessed complicity of Mitchell's accusers and the consistency of his denials, no exoneration-minded cult following developed around him the way such movements did around liberal favorites like the Rosenbergs or Alger Hiss. Mitchell quietly served his time, the first former Attorney General ever to go to jail, the last Watergate convict to leave his prison cell. He wrote but did not publish his memoirs, and he died on the day George Bush won the Presidency. Historian Stanley Kutler asked Mitchell nine months before his death, "What would you want to see, if there were an account of Watergate, that hasn't been said?"

> MITCHELL: I don't know how you are going to get at it, but I would like to know how the whole damned thing started.
> KUTLER: You are talking about the break-in?
> MITCHELL: Yes . . . That to me has been a question all along. Who in the hell did start this thing, and how did it get moving and rolling to the point it did?

Last year, St. Martin's Press published a book that claimed to have the answers to John Mitchell's questions. *Silent Coup* appeared after seven years of research by political consultant and businessman Len Colodny and Newhouse reporter Robert Gettlin. *Silent Coup* offers new spins on every plot twist in the scandal. To attempt such sweeping revisionism, Colodny and Gettlin tape-recorded 160 interviews (all but ten on the record), and pored over tape transcripts, court transcripts, memoranda, evidentiary exhibits, raw FBI reports, complete Oval Office logs, memoirs, and on and on.

*Silent Coup* attributes to Dean and Magruder many acts that these two men—in court and elsewhere—had attributed to John Mitchell. G. Gordon Liddy, heretofore recognized as the "mastermind" of the break-ins, was, we are told, a dupe, unaware of even the true target of the missions. Instead, the book claims that the break-ins were undertaken at the behest of John Dean, who allegedly sought to retrieve evidence linking his attractive soon-to-be wife Maureen to a Washington call-girl outfit.

Colodny's most persuasive evidence is Dean's June 9, 1972, meeting with then Assistant U.S. Attorney John Rudy. According to Rudy, Dean summoned him to the White House as soon as he had seen that day's *Washington Star*, which named Rudy as the prosecutor in the case stemming from

*Actually break-ins—the first two over the Memorial Day weekend, 1972, and the final one on the night of June 16–17.

*Mr. Rosen is at work on a biography of John Mitchell.*



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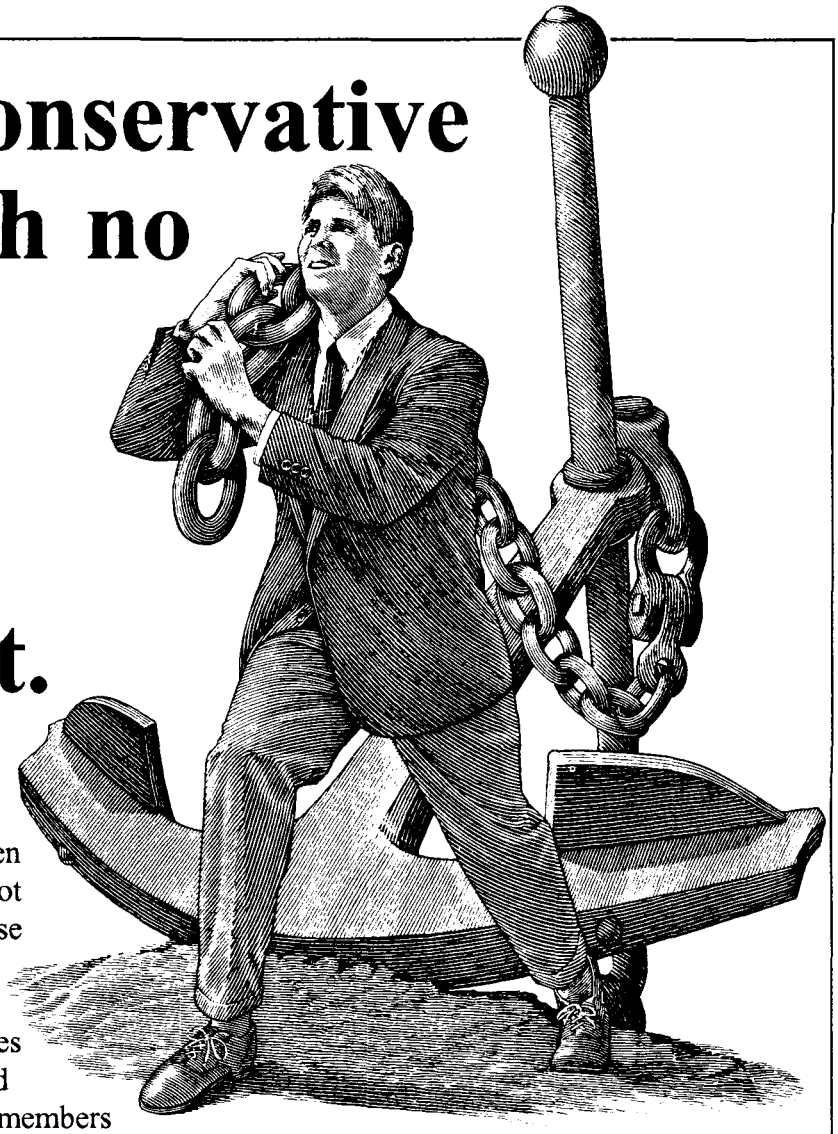
# This is a conservative activist with no training...



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a call-girl raid the previous evening. The White House counsel wanted, "on behalf of the President," to see "all the evidence" in the case.

Rudy told Colodny that Dean closely scrutinized the address books seized from the lawyer-pimp running the operation, Philip Mackin Bailley. In the address books were the names (and code names) of hundreds of men and women: high-profile Democrats and Republicans, DNC secretaries, prostitutes, johns, and friends and lovers of the promiscuous, kinky, and well-connected Bailley.

Could Dean keep the notebooks? he asked. Rudy refused. Could Dean's secretary photocopy them? Rudy acceded. Then, while Rudy watched, Dean began circling names.

The Dean–Rudy meeting first came to light in Jim Hougan's 1984 *Secret Agenda*, which suggests that Dean saw in Rudy's evidence an opportunity to score brownie points with H. R. Haldeman, who had shown interest in all kinds of sensitive political intelligence.

The authors of *Silent Coup*, however, believe that one particular name in Bailley's notebooks—and not their overall scandal value—caught Dean's eye. John Rudy confirmed to Colodny that the notebooks contained the name and code name of Maureen "Mo" Biner—Dean's girlfriend and later his wife.

Mrs. Dean's autobiography, *Mo*, published in 1975, contains a picture of her friend and roommate, Heidi Rikan—identified by Washington police as the ring's madam. Mo and Heidi's relationship was further chronicled in the November 1987 issue of *Washingtonian* magazine, in which Mo hawked her novel, *Washington Wives*:

> Meeting Mo Dean [wrote Rudy Maxa] makes one wonder about the source of the inspiration for all the smarmy dealings and X-rated sex in *Washington Wives*. . . . Mo was no wallflower while she was in Washington. She has written about . . . her experiences with roving-eyed men of power . . . Her good friend Heidi Rikan says that they both traveled with fast company during the '70s in Washington, and that Mo always loved a good party.

According to *Silent Coup*, "Maureen Biner's acquaintanceship with Bailley, and the true identity of her friend Heidi, have never previously been revealed. They are the keys to understanding all the events of the break-ins and cover-ups that we know [as] Watergate."

John Rudy told Colodny that had he known of the relationship between John Dean and Maureen Biner, "That would have changed the picture a whole lot."

If the Bailley diary is in one sense the key to Watergate, there is a literal key involved as well. When Watergate burglar Eugenio Martinez and his team were apprehended, Martinez struggled with arresting officer Carl Shoffler to conceal something on his person. Shoffler wrestled from him a key, which the FBI identified as fitting the desk of DNC staffer Ida Wells. In fact, Shoffler and Co. caught the burglars near Mrs. Wells's desk, far away from the target John Mitchell had supposedly authorized, the desk and telephone of DNC Chairman Larry O'Brien.

Philip Bailley confessed that he ran his operation out of Ida Wells's and her superior's desks. Twenty years after his wrestling match with Shoffler, Eugenio Martinez, who pled guilty to the burglary rather than testify about it, told Colodny that these desks and telephones were the true targets of the June 17 break-in. The key was given to him, Martinez says, by fellow burglar E. Howard Hunt. Hunt also confirms to Colodny that Ida Wells's desk—not Larry O'Brien's—was the break-in target.

Ida Wells reported in her FBI interviews (some of which are missing from their official file) that she was on vacation the weekend of the break-in, and that the only existing duplicate of her key belonged to a woman named Barbara Kennedy, a DNC co-worker. According to the Senate Watergate Committee's staff roster, Barbara Kennedy began working for Committee Counsel Sam Dash shortly after the committee's creation. It is astonishing to think that the committee employed one of the two people with access to this key, and still failed to address the key in its investigation of the break-in.

Would John Mitchell, approaching sixty in 1972, have known if Maureen Dean was tight with Washington madams? Would Mitchell have known the contents of Ida Wells's desk? Would he have had a copy of Mrs. Wells's key for Howard Hunt? Was it Mitchell who demanded possession of a pimp's phone book? And hadn't Mitchell supposedly authorized a break-in at Larry O'Brien's office, as Jeb Magruder repeatedly testified?

## *Second Thoughts*

ON TWO crucial points—who ordered the break-in, and who ordered the cover-up—Jeb Magruder did Colodny and Gettlin's best work for them, wholly reversing his account of events he had once testified about with moral certainty. Remember Magruder's response to Howard Baker's questioning in the Ervin Committee in 1973:

> BAKER: You say Mr. Mitchell signed off on it. Do you mean physically initialed it or signed it?
> MAGRUDER: I mean that he said we will give Mr. Liddy the $250,000.
> BAKER: And he identified the targets? Did that include the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate?
> MAGRUDER: Yes, sir.

Such an event would seem to be easily recalled, i.e., either Mitchell did indicate the targets he wanted bugged or he didn't. Having recalled as much for the Senate Watergate Committee and the jury in *U.S.* v. *Mitchell* and in his autobiography, Magruder nonetheless acknowledged to Colodny: "The target never came from Mitchell. . . . I'm sure it was Dean."

Testifying about the first act in the cover-up before the Ervin Committee in 1973, Magruder recalled:

> Mr. Mitchell asked Mr. Mardian [a CRP aide] to call Mr. Liddy and ask him to see [Attorney General] Kleindienst, and see if there was any possibility that Mr. McCord could be released from jail.

In his 1974 memoir, *An American Life*, Magruder's recollection dimmed:

> We all agreed that McCord was the heart of the problem. "If we could just get him out of jail before they find out who he is," someone suggested. . . . *I don't recall who made what specific suggestions during this talk* . . . [Emphasis added.]

And here is Magruder in his 1990 interview with Colodny. Verbatim excerpts from Colodny's transcripts are published below for the first time. (Though he declined to comment for this article, Magruder has disavowed these remarks to intimates.) Note the various ways Colodny phrases the same question, giving Magruder every chance to parachute out of what he is



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admitting to—that he lied in 1973 when he said that Mitchell ordered McCord sprung:

> LC: You know when we talked about your calling Dean that first morning? That scenario fits, doesn't it?
> JM: Yes, I'm sure that's right.
> LC: So that means that Dean had to tell you what to do with Liddy, because you didn't give a damn about Liddy.
> JM: Well, yeah, that's right.
> LC: He had to be the one to say, "Tell him Mitchell said to do it, and get him out there and see if we can get this bastard out of jail." That had to be Dean.
> JM: Yes . . . it had to be Dean. You're right. I don't disagree with that. After I thought about that, it had to be Dean . . . I would have patched into him easy [via the White House switchboard].
> LC: If it's John Dean who is telling you at 9:40 A.M. to get Liddy to find Kleindienst, it could not have been Mitchell who said that.
> JM: No, because I didn't see him, I didn't see Mitchell until later.
> LC: That's right. So it has to be Dean.
> JM: Right. I agree with you. . . .
> LC: *Mitchell didn't send you, he didn't send Mardian, he didn't send anybody*?
> JM: Right.
> LC: Now are we talking about the incident that ended up with Liddy out at Burning Tree [Golf Course], that's Dean?
> JM: Yes, *I'm sure that's Dean.* [Emphasis added.]

Having damned John Mitchell in so many nationally publicized forums, one wonders why Magruder entertained such different recollections for Colodny.

Despite some hostile notices, *Silent Coup* became a best-seller and received high praise in publications as disparate as *The Nation*, NATIONAL REVIEW, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Columbia Journalism Review*.

John and Maureen Dean's reaction was not as friendly. Eight months after *Silent Coup*'s publication, the Deans filed a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against Colodny and Gettlin, Liddy, and others for "libel, slander, invasion of privacy, intentional infliction of emotional distress," and other alleged offenses.

According to the Deans' ninety-page suit, Maureen Dean, still ravishing in her forties, "has lost profits and earnings" as a result of *Silent Coup*. She "has suffered emotional distress and physical ailments . . . requiring medical care and treatment." These misfortunes befell Mrs. Dean because Colodny et al. subjected her "to con-


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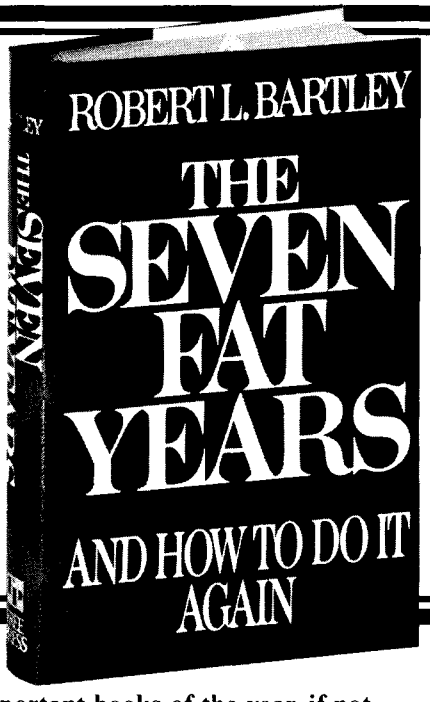


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tempt, ridicule, and obloquy, because they . . . convey . . . that Maureen Dean herself . . . engaged in sexual prostitution." (David Kaye, general counsel for St. Martin's, hastens to point out, "The book does not once call Maureen Dean a prostitute. This is a fantasy of Dean's to give him a case.")

Dean, for his part, charges that *Silent Coup* stands as nothing less than "a calculatedly false, permanent, and sensational revision of John Dean's role in the history of Watergate."

Strange, then, that the suit focuses more on talk-show statements than on *Silent Coup* itself. Some of the worst accusations the book hurls at Dean go unchallenged in the suit, while, for example, Liddy is charged with intentional infliction of emotional distress for these remarks which the complaint alleges he made on WAMU radio on June 6, 1991:

> [A]m I angry enough to put a bullet in [John Dean's] head? No. Nine millimeter parabellum ammunition is something like 17 cents a round and the little bastard isn't worth it.

Another count of the complaint summarizes, with occasional direct quotes, comments Liddy allegedly made on KFI radio in California on June 29, 1991:

> [Liddy said] that some of the girls in the call-girl ring came from California, and that Maureen Dean, then Maureen Biner, was one of the California girls, and she "took money" . . . "[S]ome of the other girls were offended by what they considered to be Mo Biner's putting on airs" because of her relationship with John Dean . . . [So] one of the call-girls "put two photos, see-through nightie photographs, of Mo Dean [into the manila envelope given to johns to choose from] saying let's see how [she] likes this exposure."

Liddy now hosts an afternoon radio talk show in Washington, and every week, he and Colodny act out moments of alleged Dean perjury before the various Watergate hearings and trials. Declining to comment on the case, Maureen Dean told me, "We are not going to try this suit in the press the way the other side is."

### *Will Mitchell Be Cleared?*

WATERGATORS everywhere await the court proceedings with anticipation, for the suit may finally yield to historians the *motive* behind the break-ins, something we never did quite ascertain two decades ago. The Fable decreed that the break-ins, with all their peculiarities, were undertaken for the mundane reason that John Mitchell feared Richard Nixon's electoral defeat. Over the years, a more exotic theory emerged as the Standard Alternative Motive, linking the burglaries to Larry O'Brien's relationship with Howard Hughes. The suggestion that O'Brien's desk was not even a target provides us with an opportunity to think open-mindedly about Watergate—and John Mitchell—once again.

Maurice Stans, the former Secretary of Commerce who resigned his Cabinet post to supervise the CRP's fund-raising effort, spent three years clearing his name in Watergate, and was ultimately charged only with a few technical campaign-finance violations. "I never in my own mind believed that John Mitchell authorized anything like it," says Stans today. "John was not *stupid* enough to approve that kind of an operation." Commenting on the zeal of the Watergate prosecution force, Stans says:

> It was essentially a get-Nixon crusade of all those political and investigative forces. . . . In the process, they dragged in hundreds of people—contributors, workers in the campaign, members of the Administration, friends of Nixon—into a great big Roman amphitheater. And . . . each individual had to fight their way out to prove they were entitled to get out.

Len Colodny—from his own, very different perspective—agrees:

> Every one of us who hated Nixon . . . for what he did in California . . . for his vice-presidency, the races against Stevenson. Hey—he was gonna get it, finally.
>
> We hated him and . . . wanted to believe John Dean. So we didn't *care* whether John Dean could prove it. That's frightening.

If *you* care, stay tuned. □

***The Education Issue***

# TAKING CHARGE

## Republicans should run with the education issue this year—not least, because it's right.

**CHESTER E. FINN JR.**

EDUCATION has all four essential elements of a terrific election issue:

*Authenticity*. The issue need not be manufactured or hyped. One can readily develop positions on it that might do real good.

*Contrast*. It clearly demarcates one from the opposition.

*Veracity*. As Richard Nixon might say, one's claims have "the additional advantage of being true."

*Numbers*. The number of voters who agree with one's position greatly exceeds the number likely to be repelled by it.

The first of these benefits is automatic. Education practically thrusts itself into the political arena, thanks to 45 million schoolchildren with parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, and neighbors. A hundred surveys have shown that most of these multitudes rank school quality, safety, and efficacy near the top of all issues facing the United States. That's not to say they recognize that the problems of the education system also live in their own homes and in their neighborhood schools. But popular interest in the issue is guaranteed.

Profiting from education's other latent assets requires more effort—especially this year, when we can be sure that Bill Clinton will make much of his Arkansas education record. Republicans will need policies that make

*Mr. Finn served as Assistant Secretary of Education from 1985 to 1988. His most recent book is* We Must Take Charge: Our Schools and Our Future *(Free Press, 1991).*



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sense, that would work, and that don't echo the other side.

### *Avoid the Experts*

HERE ARE five suggestions for shaping education into such an issue for '92. They're pretty simple. As Bill Bennett points out, the central principles of good education are commonsensical. Avoid letting "experts" dominate the discussion, and this topic can be a crowd-builder rather than a room-emptier.

1. The GOP should unabashedly become the party of education's consumers, not its producers. The former is a vast constituency that begins but does not end with students and parents. It also includes employers, relatives, neighbors, fellow citizens—really everyone whose well-being hinges on how well the education system does.

The producers are far better organized but less numerous. Besides, the Democrats have them pretty well locked up: teachers (and their noisy unions), school administrators, guidance counselors, and the vendors of a thousand goods and services that schools buy.

That's why school choice has become such a hot topic: it shifts power and money to education's consumers. The bigger the shift, naturally, the greater its impact. Thus including private schools in choice schemes is now the bloodiest battleground. The point isn't that private schools are invariably more effective or efficient (though often they're both). It's that giving people choices among near-identical public schools cannot get the job done. To really crack the monopoly and jolt the system, we need "supply-side choice" as well.

School choice is not aimed at elites, either. (Wealthy families already have options.) It's an empowerment strategy for the middle class and the poor. It's especially popular among minorities. It costs little. And—another plus for the GOP—the real action is outside the Beltway. In most jurisdictions, the key is who gets elected to the statehouse. In California, however, voters will face a November referendum containing the boldest choice plan anywhere. If it passes, American education policy will be profoundly altered.

2. Be the party that takes education *outcomes* seriously, and holds the system (and its students) accountable for meeting ambitious goals and high standards. Let the Democrats yawp about more money for education. If ever there was a powerful example of bankruptcy in the social-spending strategies of the Sixties and Seventies, it's the tragedy of our bigger-spending, lower-producing public-school system.

While it's true that some changes we may need to make to catch the rest of the world (longer school years, for example) will cost additional dollars, let's first resolve to make those changes and then determine how to pay the bill. That reverses the usual sequence. What's more, if we're not afraid to milk some sacred cows, we can recoup funds for worthy purposes within the present education budget. We can, for example, afford to pay outstanding teachers and principals a great deal *more* provided we pay their mediocre colleagues *less*. Three-quarters of school spending is for personnel. The traditional doctrine that we must overturn is that all should be uniformly compensated. If we pay for results, in time we'll get better ones.

MARK ENGLISH Chicago Tribune
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3. Aim high and never relent. George Bush's signal accomplishment in education has been setting ambitious national goals (in conjunction with the governors) and promulgating the "America 2000" strategy for attaining them. These goals are framed in terms of results, and America 2000 depends on states' and localities' getting organized to produce those results in their own ways. The distinctive *national* pieces involve standards and testing, and it's precisely those that most education groups, many Democrats, and, regrettably, some congressional Republicans are resisting.

They say it's not fair to hold kids or schools accountable until we've completely overhauled the education "delivery system." The proper Republican reply is that we'll never fix the system until its customers can plainly see just how it's faring today in relation to world standards. Parents must see how Kevin and Marybeth are doing—and how the Franklin Middle School is performing. Employers need to know how the Plainfield Public Schools are faring, and taxpayers and governors have every right to insist on seeing the results for Georgia and Nebraska as a whole. Such data are essentially impossible to obtain today, and the situation won't improve without an orderly system of standards and assessments. Think of it as the independent audit that enables shareholders to know what the company's financial status really is—and whether the treasurer is telling the whole story.

4. Launch a programmatic revolution. Let Democrats claim that the basic structures of American education are sound, that critics have overstated the problem, and that no fundamental changes are needed in ground rules, power relationships, or operating assumptions. Let them defend the status quo—and make them wear that label. Lamar Alexander has called for a "populist revolt," for a rebirth of individual responsibility, for reinventing schools from scratch and generally turning the system upside down.



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The opportunity is at hand to propose throwing the rascals out. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA) is coming up for reauthorization. Dozens and dozens of federal programs are included, totaling nearly $10 billion a year, i.e., virtually the whole of Uncle Sam's investment in K–12 education.

Though adjustments have been made over the past quarter-century, in essence ESEA hasn't changed since LBJ got it enacted in 1965. It remains the embodiment of "Great Society" thinking: an input-based system for distributing federal funds to help pay for increased services, particularly for disadvantaged and "at risk" kids. The program's regulations are highly constraining, and many features are educationally dysfunctional. Moreover, the program has perverse incentives: rather than rewarding progress, "success" in most parts of ESEA brings in *less* federal money.

What would a fundamentally different approach look like? The specifics may be framed in various ways. What's essential is to tie them to results and to ensure that money and leverage are placed in the hands of consumers not producers. This could be accomplished through a "voucher" approach or through block grants to states and localities—but these ought to go to the general-purpose government, not the state and local education agencies that today control virtually all federal education dollars.

No such measure would pass the current Congress, to be sure. But framing it properly before November might help elect different lawmakers. Losing on Capitol Hill might mean winning in November.

5. Don't hesitate to veto dumb bills. Later this year, President Bush will be presented by Congress with a pale shadow of the America 2000 program he sent up in 1991. Among the key provisions likely to be diluted into insignificance, if not totally missing: meaningful school choice, a big reduction in federal red tape, seed money for break-the-mold schools, and a vigorous approach to national standards and testing. Moreover, where Messrs. Bush and Alexander proposed giving the state/local leverage to governors and other accountable elected officials, Congress seems bent on leaving power where it has traditionally resided: with the school boards, administrators, and interest groups that brought us the system we have today.

This legislative abomination should be treated as veto bait, and every Republican in Congress should be invited to the White House so that Mr. Bush can personally explain why. This isn't grandstanding; it's how to wage the war against educational mediocrity, today's counterpart of the Great Depression of the Thirties and the Evil Empire of the Eighties.

Is education worth the fuss? Yes, not just because it has considerable appeal in its own right but also because it ties into nearly all the other big issues: economic prosperity, urban decay, individual empowerment, drugs and violence, the well-being of children, the efficacy of government, the state of the culture, and more. It's an issue that links radicalism and populism with traditional values and community integrity. It's a winner, both for candidates who press it and for their country. □

*World in Conflict*

# CAN DENG SQUARE THE CIRCLE?

## Or will freedom come to China—*before* Hong Kong is handed over?

**BRIAN CROZIER**

ON JULY 3, Peking's Most Favored Nation (MFN) status expires. Should the U.S. continue importing Chinese shoes and shirts on MFN terms? President Bush's views are well known: an unconditional yes. "No," says a small and plaintive voice from the campuses: human rights come first, and so long as the Chinese regime continues to hold a thousand democracy protestors in inhuman conditions, MFN should be withheld.

The plaintive voice belongs to Haiching Zhao, 36, a Harvard biochemistry doctoral candidate who runs the Association of Chinese Students. In that capacity, Zhao speaks for 42,000 compatriots in the U.S.A.: a marginal minority in population terms, but morally weighty. MFN status for a regime that systematically and cynically violates human rights is appeasement, says Haiching Zhao.

Not so, say Administration officials. To deny MFN would be damaging to Sino-U.S. relations. This sort of reasoning, characteristic of the President's establishment politics, does indeed smack of appeasement.

But the substance of the (misnamed) Most Favored Nation policy might have a different effect, for reasons that our late guru, F. A. Hayek, hinted at when he said that socialism was incompatible with freedom. The cases of Spain and Chile suggest a proposition that (so far as I recall) Hayek never set out directly. By this I mean something like: "Economic freedom is incompatible with tyranny."

### *Unintended Consequences*

UNITL THE mid 1950s, Generalisimo Franco just let his *Movimiento* (the old Falange-plus) run the economy, and they duly made a mess of it. In 1957, he called in the IMF, and some years later the World Bank. He then fired the old guard, wholesale, and handed the economy to the technocrats of the lay order Opus Dei. By the late 1960s, Spain had the freest economy in Europe. Within six months of the Gene-

*Mr. Crozier's* De Gaulle *has been reissued as part of the Easton Press's Library of Great Lives.*



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ralisimo's death in 1975, the Organic Law designed to enable Franquism to survive Franco had collapsed and Spain's democracy was in its birth pangs.

In Chile, the Allende regime had pushed the annual inflation rate to 1,000 per cent by 1973, when General Pinochet and his junta took over and Allende took his life. Like the Franco regime, the Pinochet regime started off nastily, in this case with a secret police, tortures, and repression. Having achieved order, Pinochet called in experts from the Chicago school and freed the economy. In the process democracy was restored; the voters removed Pinochet as President (though he remained C-in-C).

### *Exception to the Rule?*

THE KEY cases of Spain and Chile suggest a rule: that *authoritarian* regimes cannot survive the freeing of the economy. But does this rule necessarily apply to *totalist* regimes?

At age 87, Deng Xiaoping, the untitled "paramount leader" of the Chinese People's Republic, veteran of the Long March, is trying to prove the opposite proposition, namely that economic freedom will keep tyranny in power. Another way of putting it is that he is trying to square an ideological circle.

Mao used to call Deng a "capitalist roader" and in 1967, at the height of the barbarous "Cultural Revolution," had him frogmarched through the streets. Rehabilitated in 1973, Deng was again dismissed three years later. Five months on, Mao died; the following year, 1977, Deng came back with what indeed was a capitalist program. Food supplies became plentiful when farmers were allowed to sell their produce on the open market. The "Special Economic Zones" in the south took off immediately. The best known of them, Shenzhen near Hong Kong, has it all, complete with skyscrapers.

In totalist China, as in authoritarian Spain and Chile, economic freedom stimulated pressure for political freedom as well. However, what happened next in China was a perfect illustration of the difference between authoritarian and totalist regimes. In totalist China, the newly born democracy movement was crushed on June 4, 1989, on Tiananmen Square. The message of capitalist plenty plus political freedom had fallen on the deaf ears of the totalist gerontocrats in Peking.

Deng's problem now boils down to the logical contradiction inherent in a Leninist political system sustained by anti-Marxist economics. What price ideological purity? In personality terms, the dispute boils down to two contestants: Deng and Li Peng, the hard-liner who gave the order to fire on the democracy demonstrators (though with Deng's approval).

So far, Deng has won hands down, in the process twisting ideology out of all recognition. He is a dab hand at meaningless Party jargon. Correction: at Party jargon with coded messages. On a major tour of the southern provinces in March, Deng had plenty to say about "socialism with Chinese characteristics," "the enormous accomplishments in 13 years of reform," "socialism and reform-openness." He argued that because the "foreign-funded enterprises" were helping the economy, "in the final analysis, their existence is beneficial to socialism."

That's one way of putting it. It does seem to depend, however, on how you define "socialism."

Li Peng, fresh from a reasonably successful tour of the U.S. and Europe, kept on talking about ideological purity, while Deng and his supporters threw coded charges of "leftism" at him. When Li submitted a report to the normally rubber-stamping National People's Congress, Deng countered with his own report, and Li had to make more than 150 changes. Deng has since soothed the hard-liners by saying: "Once the forces of turmoil reappear in the future, we will not hesitate to use any means to eliminate them as soon as possible."

In terms of power, the forces that count are: the security police and the "People's Liberation Army" (PLA). The secret police will do what the hard-liners say. The PLA, not necessarily. As Deng was ending his tour of the south, General Liu Huaqing of the Central Military Commission publicly supported him against the "leftists." In the fashionable coded language, General Liu declared that the army would be "a promoter of progress" and criticized leftists for having made China "lose precious time." Although the PLA crushed the dissenters at Tiananmen Square, it is not unthinkable that it will crush the leftists when the crunch comes, bringing in democracy of a kind.

On that point, by the way, it would be wise not to expect too much. The "democracy movement" was certainly anti-Communist, but the "democracy" the protestors had in mind was not necessarily Jeffersonian or Burkean. It was more concerned with ridding China of its ideological dionsaurs and allowing *them* (the new presumptive elite) to take over.

Were I a betting man, I would hazard a greenback or two on the proposition that the dinosaurs will be ousted before Hong Kong is due to be handed over in 1997. And U.S. trade will have been among the revolutionary forces overthrowing them. □

*Politics and Morality*

# FAITHFUL UNTO OFFICE

## Marital fidelity is widely held to be a litmus test for candidates. Should it be?

**DENNIS PRAGER**

NEARLY alone among the world's media, many American journalists now ask their presidential candidates whether they have always been faithful to their spouses. While most Americans seem to believe that this is inappropriate questioning,

*Mr. Prager writes and published the newsletter* Ultimate Issues.



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many also believe that a candidate who has committed adultery is unfit for the Presidency. Those who believe this offer three arguments:

The first and most common is: If a man can't keep his promise to his wife, how can we expect him to keep his promises to his country?

The second is held mostly by Christians: Adultery is prohibited by the Ten Commandments; therefore, a man who commits adultery is immoral and unfit to be President.

The third is held mostly by feminists: A man who has an affair shows contempt for women and is less likely to be sensitive to women's issues.

Adultery is an awful thing; and it is essential to know what moral values candidates hold. Nevertheless, I believe that none of these arguments is valid; the evidence is overwhelming that whether a man or woman has had an extramarital affair tells us nothing about his or her ability to be a good *and moral* leader. Let's examine the arguments in turn.

1. The first is the easiest to prove or disprove. All we have to do is examine the historical evidence.

A generally accepted list of the greatest American leaders of the last half-century includes Franklin D. Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, and Martin Luther King Jr. Each one of them committed adultery—in the cases of Kennedy and King, with numerous women.

Now let us look at Presidents whom most Americans would list as among the least effective leaders, morally or politically: Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, George Bush. To the best of our knowledge, each of these men has been completely faithful to his wife.

The argument is historically so weak that if we had to find a link between marital fidelity and good leadership, the evidence would point to a *negative* one: that men who had committed adultery were *more* likely to be great leaders than men who had always been faithful. Now, of course, such a conclusion is absurd. But it is no more absurd than concluding that men who have committed adultery are less likely to be good leaders. The argument that a man who can't keep his promise of fidelity can't be trusted as a leader is the product of wishful thinking, especially among three groups: women who are angry at adulterous men; religious people who regard sexual misconduct as particularly sinful; and members of the media who seek power and attention.

2. The most obvious problem with the second argument is that a violation of most of the Ten Commandments tells us very little about leadership potential. Why stop with adultery? Why shouldn't we ask a candidate: "Senator, have you ever taken God's name in vain?" Shouldn't we find out whether he has ever made any graven images? And, of course, we must find out if a candidate has honored his mother and father. I can hear it now: "If a man didn't honor his mother and father, how is he ever going to honor the Constitution?"

Though I am a religious person deeply devoted to the Ten Commandments, I would find such questions ludicrous. Yet to many religious people, conservative Christians in particular, asking about a candidate's fidelity to the Seventh Commandment is appropriate and good.

The reason, I believe, is that many of these people hold sexual sin to be the worst sin. This preoccupation with sexual sins has had many unfortunate consequences—both for religion and for the people influenced by it. It has enabled religion to overlook major evils while concentrating on sexual sin; it has given innumerable people unnecessary guilt (e.g., over masturbation); and it has alienated many modern people from taking religion seriously. And, now, it is helping to undermine the choosing of appropriate leaders.

3. The argument that a man who commits adultery reveals "contempt for women" is as untenable as the other arguments. For one thing, it is blatantly sexist, since women who cheat on their husbands are never accused of having "contempt for men."

Both men and women commit adultery for any number of reasons—anger at their spouse, little intimacy and/or sex with their spouse, a momentary loss of self-control, or a chronic loss of self-control. *None* of these, however, has anything to do with "contempt" for the opposite sex.

Women who believe that infidelity shows contempt for women must confront two additional sobering facts: The men most identified with commitment to marital fidelity and with an-

*(Continues on page 61)*

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# Waiting for the Resurrection

ERIC GIBSON

FEW ideas in architecture seem to have caught the public imagination recently quite as much as Amtrak's purported plan to move out of New York's Penn Station and into the General Post Office building across Eighth Avenue. Word of the idea first appeared in the May 18 issue of *New York* magazine, in a five-inch "Intelligencer" brief.

From that modest journalistic acorn has grown a mighty oak of media attention and public enthusiasm. The *New York Times* quickly followed with news coverage, a Sunday think piece from outgoing architecture critic Paul Goldberger, and readers' letters. On the street, people regard the prospect of shedding Penn Station—literally a hole in the ground festering with drug traffic and aggressive vagrants—as something bordering on deliverance.

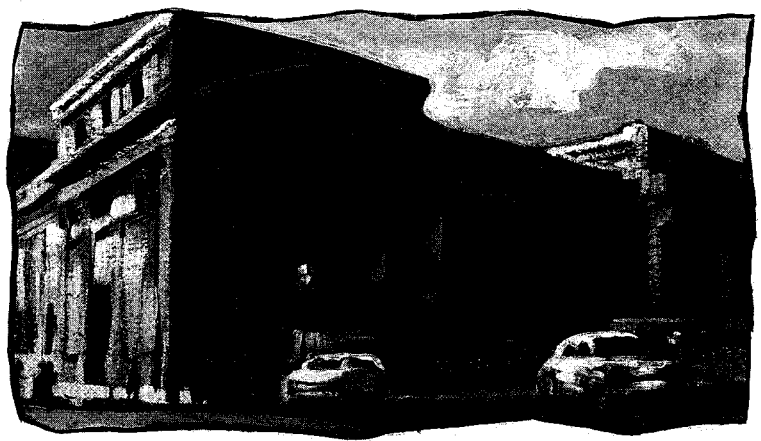
But just as remarkable as the news itself was Amtrak's second reason for the proposed move. The first reason was simply practical: with all its operations now located in Penn Station rather than, as before, shared with Grand Central, and with increased ridership expected in coming years, the railroad needs larger quarters.

But the striking part was what Amtrak hoped to achieve by acquiring the 1913 McKim, Mead & White Beaux-Arts building as its public face. "It's desirable for big-city train stations to have the capacity to inspire people, we feel. That was their original purpose," Amtrak spokesman R. Clifford Black told a *Times* reporter. Could this signal a desire among corporate planners to rectify past mistakes, rather than simply preventing their recurrence?

What Mr. Black was saying was that a station is more than bricks, mortar, and redcaps. In addition to its practical role of moving people, a railroad station should function on an abstract level. It should instill the excitement of travel, of new horizons. It should serve as a proper gateway, imparting to an arriving traveler the feeling of ceremonial entrance into and reception by the city. And it should project in ideal form the civic values of its community.

In other words, Mr. Black, and through him his employers, are telling us they hope to recover something of the ambiance of the original McKim, Mead & White Penn Station, with its grand spaces modeled on the ancient Roman Baths of Caracalla, its mural maps by Jules Guérin, its sense of stately procession, and its confident, imposing presence on Seventh Avenue. Opened in 1910, Pennsylvania Station was demolished in 1963 after the deficit-ridden Pennsylvania Railroad sold its air rights to the Madison Square Garden Corporation. Nearly thirty years later, its destruction remains a painful memory and, for some, a source of civic shame, which Mr. Black's statement reflected. One reason is the continuing presence of Grand Central Terminal, a contemporaneous structure built in a similar style to the old Penn Station, which serves as a reminder of how dignified and uplifting public space can be.

Most of all, however, it is because of what replaced it. The "new" Penn Station is a cramped, infelicitous horror that combines the darkest visions of Dante and Piranesi and that has defied every attempt, including the most recent, to civilize it. You don't walk through Penn Station, you scuttle, doing your best to get in and out as fast as possible while walling your psyche against myriad sensory intrusions.



Jennifer Lawson

WHEN NEWS of the planned move into the Post Office Building first broke, I tried to get in touch with the people who were on the Pennsylvania Railroad board of directors and the New York City Planning Commission at the time the old Penn Station was destroyed. My motives were not, I must confess, entirely charitable. I wanted to ask them how they felt now that Amtrak's plans had certified what the rest of us already knew, namely that what they had allowed to happen thirty years ago was unforgivable.

I didn't get very far, because virtually all of them are dead. Death is kind; it can keep us from being embarrassed by our mistakes. I did, however, put a call through to the office of William Zeckendorf Jr. In the early Fifties, his father had developed a scheme with the railroad company to replace the station with a gigantic skyscraper that was to have housed a trade center and world's fair. It had been the first of the demolition proposals, and I wanted to ask Mr. Zeckendorf how his father might have felt about the railroad company's re-evaluation of the old station's worth, and about the public's reaction. Alas, Mr. Zeckendorf did not return my call.

However, I did manage to reach Elinor C. Guggen-

*Mr. Gibson is an art critic at the* Washington Times.



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heimer, the former New York City cultural-affairs commissioner. She had served on the Planning Commission at the time of the vote on the zoning variance, which had put the last nail in the building's coffin.

Did she remember how she had voted that day in January 1963? It was hard for her to recall, she said. Planning was extremely active in those days ("We had money, for one thing"), and it was hard to remember one vote from among the hundreds that were taken. But, she said, "I cannot believe I would not have been against tearing down Penn Station. It's not in line with the way I voted on anything else." She added, "I can't recall any time [since] not having been outraged by it."

This was followed by a tirade against what replaced it, whose spirited delivery made me believe her. "Don't you think Penn Station today is outrageous? This is an entry point to a major city. I don't care if there are entry points that are still all right, but this is still a major point of entry to the city, and how does that make you feel when you come in from anyplace and get off at Penn Station and

walk through that litter of hot-doggeries? I'm almost violent on how awful I think that is."

The sudden availability of the building across Eighth Avenue is like the answer to a prayer. Furthermore, ever since the Post Office announced plans to relocate its own operations, that equally handsome building has faced an uncertain future, with the distinct possibility that it could have followed its distinguished cousin into oblivion had a new use not quickly been found for it.

There will, of course, be major renovation required. The current layout of the GPO's interior requires you to step directly to a window a few feet from the entrance, or else embark on a long walk to your left or right. The need for easy circulation through a train station would mean radically opening up that space. But if the renovation of the New York Public Library in the 1980s is any guide, it may be easier than one imagines. Only Post Office employees know in detail what the layout is like behind the stamp windows, but some glorious interior spaces may be waiting to be revealed.

In any event, the raw material for a recreation of the spirit, if not exactly the letter, of the old Pennsylvania Station is all there. Not only the tracks but also the platforms extend to the space underneath the GPO. Outside, it has an unmistakable street presence. Inside, the building's public spaces are marked by the same qualities that distinguish Grand Central and the old Penn Station: a monumental but humane scale, and an architectural vocabulary that doesn't simply define space but leads you through it as well.

Above all, it has the promise of spiritually expansive spaces, which more than anything else are the hallmark of Beaux-Arts architecture, and which, not incidentally, are what make, say, a trip through Grand Central so recuperative.

Philip Johnson is supposed to have said that every architect dreams of designing grand spaces. They haven't been a notable feature of modern architecture, although there are exceptions to this rule, among them Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum and Le Corbusier's church of Notre Dame du Haut in Ronchamp, France.

But architectural space through which one could freely move and that at the same time drew one out of oneself was a commonplace of pre-modernist architecture. In New York, besides Grand Central, one can still experience it in the New York Public Library. Washington's National Building Museum, a nineteenth-century structure which was originally the Pension Building and was used as a hospital during the Civil War, is another example, as is, of course, Union Station.

At the end of my interview, Elinor Guggenheimer lamented the old Pennsylvania Station's destruction. "To this day you'd have to tell me, why did we do it? Why? I don't understand." If realized, Amtrak's idea of moving into the General Post Office building would be more than a simple admission of a thirty-year-old mistake. It would in some measure make amends for one of the greatest blunders in the nation's architectural history. Actions, after all, speak louder than words. □

# Right Enough

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE POSTHUMOUS vogue of Harry Truman began in 1974 with Merle Miller's *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry Truman*, a book based on a series of unpublished 1961 interviews with Truman. The Harry Truman of *Plain Speaking* was forthright, occasionally malicious, and not infrequently inaccurate and self-serving—with a few additional warts stippled in for good measure. (Not that the man who once threatened to kick a music critic in the crotch for having panned his daughter's singing needed any extra warts.) With Watergate nearing its climax, Americans were delighted to become reacquainted with an ex-President whose uninhibited demeanor suggested no dark second self waiting in the wings.

***Truman, by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, 1,082 pp., $30)***

The Truman revival continued well

*Mr. Teachout is the author of* City Limits: Memories of a Small-Town Boy *(Poseidon). He is at work on a biography of H. L. Mencken.*



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into the Eighties, by which time historian David McCullough was at work on what would eventually become the first full-scale scholarly biography of Truman. Its appearance now, when the American people are about to choose their next President from the shiftiest-looking menu of candidates since 1972, is amazingly timely, and McCullough deserves his good luck. *Truman* has its weaknesses, but it is a serious study that generally repays close reading.

Not too close, to be sure, for *Truman*'s biggest weakness is McCullough's prose style, at best plain as a post, at worst a bit haphazard. ("Whether this final thought—that it could be made useful—was his irrepressible, native optimism and faith in progress coming to the fore, or yet another way of trying to convince himself, or both of these, or merely means useful to end the war, is open to question.") Running a close second is McCullough's lack of selectivity. *Truman*'s thousand pages could easily have been trimmed by a quarter. (This is the sort of biography whose subject takes his first bow on page 37.)

In addition, David McCullough is, to put it mildly, no Robert Caro. Though he establishes beyond reasonable doubt that Harry Truman never knowingly took a crooked dollar, his discussion of Truman's 1934 Senate race tiptoes around the unavoidable conclusion that Truman, like Lyndon Johnson, entered high office as a result of massive vote fraud carried out on his behalf by an old-fashioned political machine. One would gladly have done without a few dozen superfluous pages of local color to learn just how Truman managed to carry Jackson County, Missouri, by 126,000 votes in 1934 (when Boss Tom Pendergast's power was at its height) given that he carried it by only 20,000 votes in 1940 (after the FBI had put Pendergast behind bars).

But these problems are offset in large part by McCullough's sure-footed narrative skills, as well as the inherent interest of the story he has to tell: "In his time, in his experience, from small town to farm to World War in far-off France in 1918; from financial failure after the war to the world of big-city machine politics to the revolutionary years of the New Deal in Washington to the surge of American power during still another terrible World War, [Truman] had taken part in the great chronicle of American life as might have a character in a novel." Clearly, David McCullough understands Harry Truman's background—and, more important, appreciates it:

> Truman, with his Monday-night poker games, his Masonic ring and snappy bow ties, the Main Street pals, the dry Missouri voice, was entirely, undeniably middle American. . . . It wasn't just that he came from a particular part of the country, geographically, but from a specific part of the American experience, an authentic pioneer background, and a specific place in the American imagination. His Missouri, as he loved to emphasize, was the Missouri of Mark Twain and Jesse James.

Truman's limitations were all too obvious. Staggeringly inept at business matters, he invariably blamed his personal financial reverses on the "gluttons of privilege" of the GOP, and never hesitated to stoop to the lowest kind of class-war rhetoric. ("No one ever considered Carnegie libraries steeped in the blood of the Homestead steelworkers, but they are.") It is useful to be reminded by McCullough of exactly what Truman wanted the Republican-controlled "do-nothing" Eightieth Congress to enact when he called it back into special session just 12 days after his 1948 presidential nomination: rent controls, price controls, consumer-credit controls, an excess-profits tax, more farm supports, and an increased minimum wage.

It is equally useful to be reminded that, six months later, Truman delivered a straight-from-the-shoulder inaugural address that made no mention whatsoever of domestic policy, focusing solely on the Communist threat and how to contain it. As Sam Rayburn so famously said, Harry Truman got all the big things right. (Enough of them, anyway.) For all his testy talk of "red herrings," Truman was surprisingly quick to shake off any lingering illusions about Stalin's imperial designs, countering the latter's aggressive adventurism with NATO, the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the Berlin airlift. In retrospect, it is clear that the first steps down the long road from Joseph Stalin to Boris Yeltsin were taken in the Truman White House. Certainly Winston Churchill would have thought so, judging by what he told Truman in 1952: "The last time you and I sat across the conference table was at Potsdam, Mr. President. I must confess, sir, I held you in very low regard then. I loathed your taking the place of Franklin Roosevelt. I misjudged you badly. Since that time, you more than any other man have saved Western civilization."

Harry Truman rightly despised *Kansas City Star* editor Roy Roberts for his condescending reaction to FDR's death and Truman's succession: "What a test of democracy—if it works!" Yet it is hard to disagree with Roberts, or to deny that it worked. Truman's Presidency is invariably cited as the quintessential example of how the common man can rise to greatness under democracy. Attentive readers of this overlong but invaluable book are more likely to come away feeling that Truman's life and work prove that a traditional, family-oriented small-town upbringing can make a common man uncommon. □

# The Rat Pack

CHARLES HORNER

TO VISIT the original Senate chamber in the Capitol, exquisitely restored in 1976 as part of the national bicentennial, is to imagine a lawmaking process elegant and intimate. Yet it was also in 1976, one may remember, that Gerald Ford raised the issue of the "billion-dollar Congress," for it was in the bicentennial year that the cost of feeding and caring for the legislative branch first passed that fiscal milestone. If, in the midst of national celebration, one could rue the bloated fate of the Citizen Legislator, or the Great Deliberative Body, or the People's House, what can one think of them now? The internal decay and increasing ineffectuality of our Congress is probably the most

***Hill Rat: Blowing the Lid off Congress, by John L. Jackley (Regnery, 377 pp., $21.95)***



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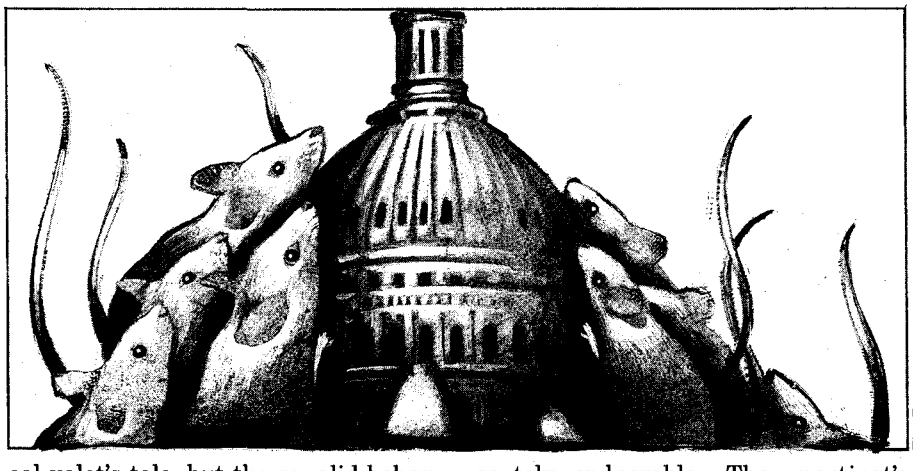
ominous political development of these past 16 years. Everyone knows it, no one knows what to do about it, and the general expectations are so low that, subliminally, we think the situation hopeless.

John Jackley's account of his service, successively, on the staffs of three members of Congress, and this reader's reaction to it, is a case in point. The book, based on his industrious journal-keeping, describes the frenzied workings of the House of Representatives in all their vulgarity, venality, and absurdity. It is the classical valet's tale, but the squalid behavior recounted energetically, often humorously, always indignantly, is without power to shock, incense, or even truly amuse. A short while ago, there might have been something here to rouse us, but we know it all now, and have probably known it longer than we like to acknowledge.



Tim Bower

Still, there is a little something that is winning in this autobiography of an increasingly disillusioned, disgusted, and finally disheartened congressional aide. In part, it is because we are comfortable with the genre and vaguely familiar with its higher literary antecedent—what the late Howard Nemerov once called the "Quester Legend." The young hero used to set out on an epic quest, have great adventures, seek the Grail. Sometimes he would listen to lewd stories designed to divert weary travelers. Other times, he would seek a place in the service of a great king. *Hill Rat* shrinks the story to diminished contemporary dimensions. Young John Jackley, reared in the Canal Zone in Panama, graduates from Washington and Lee University and in 1981, at age 25, goes to work for a Texas congressman. Over time, he discovers that his bosses and their colleagues are vile, though too banal for real evil; they are just petty and slimy. After several years, he moves to Oregon, where, with his wife and young children, he settles down to write a novel.

By Jackley's testimony, members of Congress embody life on the edge. They feel themselves constantly harassed, mercilessly overworked, and acutely vulnerable. The martinet's petty outburst at his staff is fueled by the sycophant's smarmy obsequiousness directed upward toward the powers in the House and outward to campaign contributors and political backers. We are now used to thinking of the House as a place of near-permanent incumbency. The statistics confirm this, but the anecdotes reveal a House of Cards which, the members seem to think, could topple in an instant. The arrogance and bullying are the flip side of a deep fright. Jackley's congressmen are without moorings, they are pushed and pulled by the "institutional culture," but their motion is as aimless as the particles of dust in a projector's lightbeam.

Then there are the "Hill Rats," the staffers who run the House's legislative, political, and housekeeping business. Their numbers have grown exponentially, and their increasing influence is both a cause and an effect of the institutional paralysis. They are a phenomenon for the political scientist and the journalist. Interestingly, Jackley is not particularly reflective about his colleagues; he seems to have come across only those who have persuaded him that theirs is a debased

*Mr. Horner is president of the Madison Center in Washington, D.C. During the 1970s he worked as an aide in the U.S. Senate.*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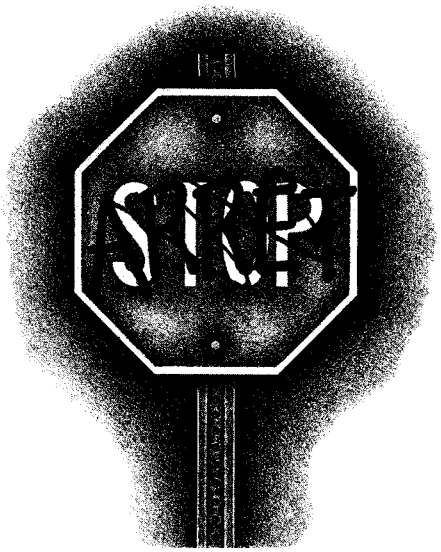
calling. Of course, as Michael Dukakis reminded us in 1988, "the fish rots from the head."

If *Hill Rat* were a novel and the House of Representatives its principal protagonist, we might liken the place to an old-fashioned fellow unable to adjust to the modern world. Our legislature is, after all, pre-modern, antique—never meant to be turned into a twilight-zone correlative of the Executive, with bureaus, officers, departments, and computers. Parliament knows the difference between itself and the Sovereign; our House of Representatives no longer knows about itself or its purpose. But then, it is a *representative* institution, and it will not do better than the people who pick it.

A recent biography of Henry Clay reminds us that the Great Pacificator voluntarily surrendered a Senate seat to serve in the House. In his day, it was the more interesting place to be. Today, amid speculation that there may be more than a hundred new House members in 1993, we may safely guess that from the day they arrive, almost all of them will be plotting their ascent out. □

# Maple Leaf Rag

RICK MARIN




Armand P. Veneziano

***Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country, by Mordecai Richler (Knopf, 277 pp., $23)***

I MET my first Québecois language Nazi at a French immersion course in Cap Rouge, a hamlet outside Quebec City occupied that summer by high-school students from Canada's Anglophone provinces. Guy was the fascist Francophone's name, and whenever he heard one of us utter *un mot anglais*, he barked a rebuke and issued a demerit. Later, in 1980, I was an undergraduate at McGill University in Montreal, "the Paris of Canada." My French was as good as it had ever been, but there was one problem: every time I addressed a native in French, I was rebuffed in English, frequently pidgin, in return. It was a perverse game, all the more so given the recent outlawing of English on public signs, so that STOP became ARRET and stores such as Steinberg's were forced to shed their apostrophes. The Orwellian folly of Quebec's language laws was well under way.

Mordecai Richler—the Canadian novelist, sometime journalist, and full-time provocateur—has now joined in these linguistic civil wars. *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country* caused a garment-rending controversy in Canada and will, like so much news from the Great White North, be politely noted, then promptly forgotten here in the United States. That's too bad.

All right, there are lots of reasons for an American reader *not* to pick up *Oh Canada!* It's longer than it needs to be, by definition parochial, and yes, it is about (*stifled yawn*) Canada. That said, there are reasons *to* pick the book up. In Quebec's majoritarian paranoia, Californians may recognize their own distress over bilingualism. More to the point, if anyone can make Canadian politics readable, it's Richler, an acid wit and ruthless cynic whose most recent novel, *Solomon Gursky Was Here*, fictionalized the rise of Montreal's Bronfman family, the Seagram's booze dynasty.

At the core of the book is Quebec's surreal language laws. Bill 101, introduced by the separatist Parti Québecois in 1977, decreed that all immigrants be educated in French, that all businesses transact in French, that English-named towns, rivers, and

*Mr. Marin, who writes for* The American Spectator *and* Reason, *left Canada in 1985 and has no plans to return.*

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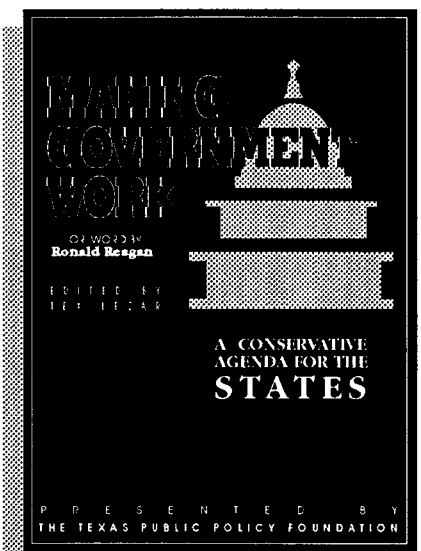


**MAKING GOVERNMENT WORK:**
**A CONSERVATIVE AGENDA FOR THE STATES**
FOREWORD BY RONALD REAGAN
Edited by Tex Lezar
Presented by
**The Texas Public Policy Foundation**
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mountains be Frenchified, and that all English (or even bilingual) commercial signs be outlawed. French would be the province's only language. Brazenly unconstitutional, the law was amended—and rendered more absurd—by Bill 178, which banned English on outdoor signs but permitted it indoors, provided the French was more prominent. This culminated in the 1990 "two-for-one" rule: The French indoor signs had to be twice as large or numerous as the English. While civil-service vigilantes hunted down violators, Richler and his drinking buddies formed the "Twice as Much Society," a "call for French to be spoken twice as loud as English inside and outside."

Quebec has never been a happy province. Its license plates read "*Je me souviens*," a reminder of France's defeat in the colonial battle for Canada. Montreal itself, as Richler tirelessly reminds us, has a long history of tribal warfare among its Jews, WASPs, and French. "A BAS LES JUIFS" ("Down with the Jews"), he remembers seeing scrawled on a rock when he was a boy. Much of *Oh Canada!* is devoted to anti-Semitism in this "reactionary, priest-ridden, folkloric society." In a postscript, Richler hits back at those who claim his charges are trumped up.

Whenever possible, Richler digresses to mock Canada's political institutions (calling Ottawa's appointed senators-for-life "superannuated bagmen"), its people ("history's couch potatoes"), and its culture (whose "true common denominator" is "bad taste"). But it has taken two novelists to explore with any resonance the central fact of Canadian life: It is a nation with foundations in two "distinct societies," French and English. The late Hugh MacLennan attacked the problem in his 1945 novel *Two Solitudes*. Now Richler, with a piece of polemical journalism. Though Richler lives in Quebec, he spent twenty years abroad—the source, I've always felt, of his acute sense of perspective about his native land. He knows his province and is brilliant at limning the cartoonish characters in this national melodrama. My favorite is Jacques Parizeau, the fervent separatist who nonetheless demands an English-speaking governess for his children and sprinkles his conversation with exclamations like "by Jove" and "jolly good."

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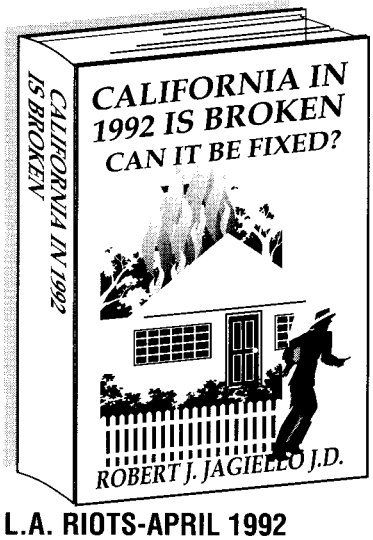


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treed to Quebec's separatist *Angst*, most recently with an aborted parchment called the Meech Lake Accord. Richler believes "we need each other if we are to create a Canada that is more than merely functional." Is Canada worth saving? Last year 51 per cent of Canadians said if Quebec wants to separate, "let them go."

I remember the feeling. They're tired of Quebeckers giving everyone else demerits. □

# Me, Myself, and God

RICHARD BROOKHISER

HAROLD BLOOM began his career as a professor and critic, two decades ago, by battling to put Milton and the Romantics at center stage, whence he felt they had been displaced by the high-church tea party of the Reverend T. S. Eliot. But his first cross-over hit, the best-selling *Book of J*, was a long religious essay in which he argued that the author of some of the Bible's best stories had been an authoress. *The American Religion* returns to the scene of his success.

***The American Religion, by Harold Bloom (Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $22)***

Bloom's American religion is not any one of the religions of America, but a yearning that touches all of them, "even our secularists, indeed even our professed atheists," and he examines its manifestations among adherents of the five major made-in-America faiths—Pentecostalists, Mormons, Adventists, Christian Scientists, and Jehovah's Witnesses—as well as the beliefs of Southern Baptists and blacks. This leaves a lot out: the only Roman Catholic he mentions is the New Age renegade Matthew Fox. But Bloom is entitled to seek his essences where they may be most clearly found.

He has done a fair amount of reading, and as in all plain talk about what people actually think, the details are startling. Readers who hazily assume that Mormons are quasi-Christians, who just believe that Jesus made a second appearance in pre-Columbian America, are in for a shock. Bloom shows us Upstate New York when it was the California of America, and the spiritual and sexual antics of Big Sur were getting their try-outs on Oneida Lake.

But the book's claim to be more than a scrapbook stands or falls on its analysis of what religious Americans want. Bloom puts his conclusions on page one. Americans want to be "alone with God or with Jesus . . . a God who is also quite separate and solitary." This is possible because "the self is already of God." In fact, this self is "no part of the Creation" but "higher and earlier than the angels . . . as old as God, older than the Bible." Americans at their most imaginative in fact recapitulate the beliefs of second-century gnostics such as Valentinus of Alexandria, and of Jewish kabbalists.

If this sounds like a strange description of what you learned in Sunday school, the rest of *The American Religion* makes it no less strange, for while Bloom repeats these assertions again and again, he makes few arguments for his case, and the few he makes are flimsy. Bloom thinks Southern Baptists fit into this scheme because the goal of their religious experience is to walk and talk with the risen Jesus—so much so that they scant the Crucifixion. "Baptists do not need the Crucifixion," he writes, "and show little interest in it." But only a page earlier, he quotes six texts from Romans that Southern Baptists hold as particularly important: they mention Christ's death twice. Bloom makes much of the fact that Southern Baptist crosses are plain and Christless. But so are almost all the crosses of low-church Protestantism, because the Communions which take place under them, unlike Masses, are commemorations, not re-enactments. Next time Bloom is in New York, if he walks down West 57th Street, he will pass Calvary Baptist Church, which says, over its door, WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED, RISEN AGAIN, AND ALIVE. This, it is true, must be an American

*Mr. Brookhiser is an* NR *Senior Editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.



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(or Northern) Baptist church. But it is at least as relevant to the Southern Baptists as Valentinus of Alexandria.

In a bilious chapter on the church's modern Fundamentalist wing, Bloom gets off one clean shot: "Even as Fundamentalists insist upon the inerrancy of the Bible, they give up all actual reading of the Bible," whose "texts simply are quoted . . . as though they interpreted themselves." This is telling, but it would tell more if Bloom's interpretations did not always dead-end in second-century Egypt.

Bloom's failure is the more disappointing because there is a book on the American religion which he is specially qualified to write. In this one, mainline Protestants—Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists—barely appear. There is something amusing in the fact that a critic who could flog himself through *Science and Health* saw nothing of interest in what once was the nation's religious mainline. But surely this absence, after centuries of dominance, is worth pondering.

The main cause of the mainline's withering has been its tropism toward dis-Spirited do-goodery, first seen in the Social Gospel movement and now nearly a century old. In recent years, the heirs of the Social Gospellers have been curiously allied with the apostles of a religion—the word is not too strong—of self-fulfillment. The grandfather of that tendency was the clergyman-turned-lecturer Ralph Waldo Emerson—on whom, along with Milton, Shelley, and Co., Bloom has lavished his critical love. Bloom quotes bits of the Concord sage here, such as an 1831 journal entry ("It is God in you that responds to God without"). This, as Bloom knows, is not Christianity. But it isn't quite gnosticism either (Emerson's self isn't interested in its existence before or outside of Creation, but in discovering its own divinity here and now). An undistracted look at what Emerson was up to, and what his audiences took from him, might have explained, better than *The American Religion*, where much American religion is now. □

## THEATER

# Brits to the Rescue

HERB GREER

OVER THE past three years or so, something remarkable has begun to happen at the top of English musical theater. Fine opera companies and directors have taken to mounting superlative productions of American musicals. There was a wonderful *Porgy and Bess* at Glyndebourne. Then Opera North in Leeds staged an excellent *Showboat*, which toured Britain, drawing more than half a million people. *Carmen Jones* is still playing at the Old Vic in London (reviewed in *NR*, July 29, 1991). Now the English National Opera Company at the London Coliseum has revived a beautifully set and sung version of Elmer Rice and Kurt Weill's *Street Scene*. It is hard to imagine such a series of productions at the Met, or in Santa Fe, or San Francisco.

Elmer Rice was one of the first playwrights to pull *serious* American theater into the fashionable left-wing rut where it still scrapes along. His method foreshadowed certain English playwrights of the 1950s and '60s, drawing on the banal aches and pains, inarticulate longings, emotional violence, selfishness, and cruelties of lower-middle-class life. It is what Shaw would have called essentially non-classical drama, with heroes who are responsible, not for the philosophy, the poetry, the art, and the statecraft of the world, but for its weddings, coroner's inquests, and executions.

*The Adding Machine*, first staged in 1923, is probably Rice's most famous play; it is an expressionist horror story of petit-bourgeois America, whose characters speak in vulgar, suffocating bromides and are, literally, ciphers. By 1929 Rice had moved on to the quasi-naturalist style of *Street Scene*, in which New York tenement-dwellers "reach out for something pretty and get their fingers stepped on." But the basic ingredients are the same as before, with the addition of a family of poor Jews.

In 1930 Kurt Weill saw a production of the play in Berlin. It fascinated him. Rice's depressing version of New York matched the prejudices of Weill perfectly. (As a newly minted American citizen, Weill was circumspect about that; in 1941 he said: "I have never felt more enthusiastic about any idea than I feel about the American way of life.") He had met Rice in 1936 and suggested a musical version of *Street Scene*, but the playwright felt that they should wait. Nine years and one war later, Rice and Weill went to work, opening the show in 1946 to the sneers of Philadelphia critics. On Broadway things were different. This musical panorama, with lyrics by the socialist black poet Langston Hughes, delighted New York critics; but the run was modest for a musical: only 148 performances.

The musical version of *Street Scene* makes curious theater today. The ethnic mix of the New York tenement is dated. The only black man in sight is a gently dreaming janitor; there are Swedes in the building, and a jolly Italian music teacher married to a fat German; the intellectuals in that struggling Jewish family, the Kaplans, are regarded warily by a scattering of "native" Americans, including Frank Maurrant, a working-class thug whose unhappy wife is having an affair with Steve Sankey, who works for the milk company. Maurrant's daughter, Rose, a secretary, is being tempted by her married boss into a little apartment on the side, with hopes of a career "on the stage." There are no Hispanics, no junkies, no militants (though the old Jewish father talks about social justice and Marxism), and the schoolchildren are not homicidal. It is antique, almost quaint.

The dramatic effect of the show resembles that of a Jackson Pollock painting: odd bits and strips of action scattered all over the place, with one or two dominant patterns woven through the texture to give it a certain cogency. Among the odd bits are a lot of talk about the summer heat, mingled with gossip (usually malicious) about the principal characters. At one point the Italian rushes on with a handful of ice-cream cones which he distributes, before leading an anthem in praise of ice cream. Upstairs the unseen Mrs. Buchanan screams loudly while having a baby; Rose's boss tries to sweet-talk her into bed; young Sam

*Mr. Greer, an American author and playwright, lives in Manchester, England.*



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Kaplan looks up from his books to fall hopelessly in love with Rose.

The affair between Maurrant's wife and the milkman runs like a winding core of color through all this until Maurrant, catching them in bed, shoots them both. Eventually he is captured and led away, mumbling, "I guess it's the chair for me."

The brutal texture of the original script is much softened. Harshly racist dialogue in Rice's play was cut, and even the loutish Maurrant is given an appealing strain of nostalgia for "things the way they always was." The characters sing of their hopes, their loneliness, about having a baby, about their children "wrapped in a ribbon and tied in a bow." Harry Easter, Rose's lecherous boss, carols to her, "Wouldn't you like to be on Broadway?" Rose and Sam flirt with the idea of "going away together."

One number bursts out like a volcanic eruption of city lights. It is performed by two minor characters, Dick and Mae, who are described by Rice in the original script as "a vulgar shopgirl and a vacuous youth." Alone among all the others, they are exuberantly happy, carefree, and sexually fulfilled in each other. Near the end of a musically rather homogenized first act, Mae and Dick find themselves alone onstage. Abruptly the set swings back to reveal a breath-taking panoramic night view of Manhattan, every single window of every skyscraper blazing with light. Mae and Dick (Caroline O'Connor and Philip Gould, both quite brilliant) then fill the stage with what proves to be the longest number in the show—a wild, athletically jitterbugged, utterly joyful song-and-dance routine, "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed." This leads nowhere, it expresses nothing in particular except an explosion of joy at being alive and together, and it is superb. Like a puff of bright vapor, it rises, expands into a gorgeous many-colored cloud, and vanishes; the set closes into gloom again.

The oddest quality of that number is its irrelevance to everything, anything that happens in the rest of *Street Scene*. There is no equivalent passage in the original script. It is as if the huge force of Weill's musical spontaneity suddenly cracks the glum façade of Rice's socialist realism, escaping for a few precious minutes, free to run riot, blossoming as an inadvertent tribute to the energy and vitality of the American scene. Unfortunately the effect does not last and does not occur again. About two-thirds of the way through the second act, when the murder is looming, something happens to *Street Scene*, a sense that the cast is being deliberately herded into a sort of indictment, made to embody a bitter accusation against American society which (so it would seem) gives rise to all this suffering and ugliness.

When Rice and his contemporaries first telegraphed such a message it was relatively fresh. Today, despite the fine production and wonderful singing (especially Janice Cairns as Anna Maurrant, Mark Richardson as her husband, and Anthony Mee as Lippo Fiorentino with his ice-cream cones), we have seen it all too many times.

So much said, the *production* still deserves praise as an ackowledgment that American culture has its classics, worth the time, energy, and (most important) money of first-rank opera companies and audiences on the far side of the Atlantic. It is a kind of recognition seldom granted in the United States, where such shows are regarded as a form of theatrical enterprise—i.e., a way for producers and "angels" to make (rather than spend) money. For that reason I doubt that even the best American opera companies will much improve on the British treatment of these classic American shows—if our great companies condescend to do such things at all. □

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# Piano Jazz, Plus—Old & New

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE piano came into jazz when the marching bands sat down. In some ways, it is the most rewarding of jazz instruments, for it combines the rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic elements of the music, without the emotive overtones that reed and brass compel. Because of the appeal of solo jazz piano, I have sat in some dreadful bars to hear the likes of Clarence Profit. There was also the time I drove late at night with John Hammond to the back end of Staten Island to hear a pianist whose jazz was rooted in the blues, Art Hodes; he was playing waltzes in a beer stube while waiting for his 802 card.

One day, in the late 1930s, a friend asked me to listen to her kid brother, age 16 or 17, who spent his time recreating the old jazz records with friends and playing piano in accompaniment to his phonograph. Did he have talent? It meant voyaging to the Bronx by subway and mule train, but it was worth it. The kid brother was Mel Powell and fast as I was able I took him down to Milt Gabler, whose Commodore Music Shop was the Vatican of righteous jazz. It was Milt who gave Mel his first recording date and brought him to the attention of Benny Goodman.

Eventually, Mel Powell quit the jazz world and became a longhair professor and composer of "serious" music at Yale. But in the Seventies, Hank O'Neal, founder of that small but dedicated company Chiaroscuro Records (830 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10001), brought him back into the studio with that great instrumentalist and arranger Benny Carter and a good rhythm section to cut *The Return of Mel Powell* (Chiaroscuro CR (D) 301), now reissued on CD. Here is typical Powell stride piano—rich and solid, though sometimes a little cold—running through such standards as "I Can't Get Started," "Out of Nowhere," and "Stomping at the Savoy," with Carter inventive and perfect as usual.

■ Back at the beginning of time, when I was still an undergraduate at Columbia, we used to cross Morningside Park into Harlem and the Apollo Theater to hear the great bands. One of those bands was Andy Kirk & His Clouds of Joy, out of Kansas City, featuring Mary Lou Williams on piano. She could give the band all the beat it needed and that strong K.C. push, but in solo she had a lyricism and a harmonic feel that was unique. In 1975, she was playing at The Cookery in

*Mr. Toledano is an* NR *Contributing Editor and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*



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Alan Nahigian

New York—her tall thin figure moving and wedded to the piano. In the recording studio, she celebrated an eclectic style which had absorbed and transformed the best of what other jazz pianists had wrought—thick right- and left-hand chords, graceful single melodic lines, with hints from Tatum, modern dissonances, Ellingtonia, and the lilt of Willie "The Lion" Smith's stride. Her rhythms now were more complex than when she sat within a band. She can be heard playing the standards in a CD reissue, as well as compositions of her own, all in her inspired reworking of the idiom (Chiaroscuro, CR (D) 146).

■ For Teddy Wilson, fame came as a member of the Goodman Trio and Quartet, where he was more than a match for Benny's musical social-climbing and dreams of the Budapest quartet. He acquired a style that was somehow aloof from the rough-and-ready of Harlem piano. His solos were full of suspended rhythms, tiny arabesques, and echoes of a distant trumpet, and he seldom strayed very far from the melody. At the same time he was recording the current output of popular music with pick-up bands of the finest instrumentalists—usually with a young singer named Billie Holiday, to whom he gave polish and direction. Like others of the big-band era, Teddy Wilson was not center stage when the vulgar inanities of rock took over. But in the 1970s, he returned to a recording studio to re-do twenty of the band sides he had cut with Billie. With *Billie in Mind*—Teddy solo—we can almost hear Billie keening to his improvisations. Some of the so-called Mozartean touch is gone, and his playing is tighter, his chords full-bodied, his rhythms firmer—and still great (Chiaroscuro, CR (D) 111).

■ At the Apollo, we also used to hear Fats Waller, set off by a band of average sidemen. He was by then the Clown Prince of Jazz, employing his racing stride and high-pitched voice to lampoon the sillier Tin Pan Alley product, sometimes leaving the piano to run to the proscenium pillar where he wrapped his vast backside in the stage curtain and wiggled it in time to the beat. His early recordings, however, are jazz classics made with soloists like Jack Teagarden, Jabbo Smith, and Al Nicholas, and these you can hear in a fine CD reissue, *Fats Waller & His Buddies* (Bluebird 61005-2), including "Minor Drag," "Ridin' but Walkin'," "Willow Tree," etc., as well as a selection of the hundreds of tunes he sold for coffee and cakes when he was writing musicals with his mentor, James P. Johnson, and commuting between Broadway and Harlem. On some of these cuts, Fats plays organ, on which he excelled playing everything from Bach to blues.

■ It was less than a year after I was born that the Original Dixieland Jass Band hit New York and Reisenweber's, introducing the city and the world to its rowdy version of the music that had grown up in New Orleans. The ODJB was far from the best of its kind, but the tunes it popularized—among them "Jazz Me Blues," "Tiger Rag," "Liverly Stable Blues" with "comedy" and "animal" effects—became the standards for Dixieland jazz decades later. You can hear how the ODJB sounded to an astonished world on a CD reissue celebrating the band's 75th anniversary (Bluebird 61098-2).

■ The real New Orleans music moved slowly up the Mississippi to Chicago and then to all points east and west, flourishing in the small-band style heard in New York at Nick's and Café Society Downtown in the 1930s and '40s. The righteous music continued to be heard at the jazz spas of Jimmy Ryan and Eddie Condon in midtown New York, where musicians like Bobby Hackett, Condon, Wild Bill Davidson, Gene Krupa, and others—now joined in a CD reissue of *Live at the New School* (Chiaroscuro CR (D) 110)—welcomed the newcomer Dick Wellstood, a remarkable pianist best known for his evocations of Fats Waller, James P., and that other tremendous Harlem stride pianist, Willie the Lion. Wellstood, a remarkable person and a man of many talents, made few records; but where he is heard on *Live*, playing the standards we used to hear at Nick's, he is very fine indeed. What a pity that he was never recorded solo.

No one has come up to match the great jazzmen of past eras, but the music is coming back, surviving the noise of the past years. □

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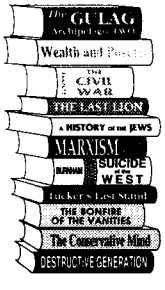


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and daughters tend to re-enact the errors of their grandparents more so than those of their parents." To prove his point Mr. Grant takes the reader through recurring crises in such areas as real estate, lending, and farmland. While Mr. Grant explains that " 'More' is the best brief description of the evolution of credit in the United States," this is not his only theme. Perhaps most importantly, in this era of re-regulation, Mr. Grant looks at various government actions which, were they committed by an individual, would place him in severe legal difficulties. If there is a criticism to be made, it is that this book's approach resembles a history of the interstate highway system retold through multi-vehicle pile-ups. The fact is that this country is immeasurably richer than a century ago. In no small part this is due to the expansion of credit and (one hates to admit) some government assistance.

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

*Acquired Tastes, by Peter Mayle (Bantam, 229 pp., $20)*

TO ENJOY fully the good things in life, you should experience no shame or guilt. And Peter Mayle, author of the best-sellers *A Year in Provence* and its sequel *Toujours Provence*, shows none of it in *Acquired Tastes*. Some may view Mr. Mayle's work as merely a how-to book: how to savor a cigar; how to keep, discreetly of course, a mistress (do it correctly and "a mistress will cost only marginally less than a 45-foot yacht or a promising racehorse"); and how to get around (private limousine with ironed newspaper, fully stocked bar, and telephone). Mr. Mayle uses well-crafted wit, attractively decadent humor—and of course finely honed logic—to justify the costs and sacrifices that accompany the daily lifestyle of the extremely wealthy, such as employing a houseful of servants: "I like . . . common tasks to be dealt with invisibly and efficiently so that I can devote my time to major decisions like the choice of wines for dinner and who to vote for in the next election for the mayor of my village." *Acquired Tastes* is not to be read on public beaches, subways, or commercial airlines; rather at summer homes, aboard private yachts, or in the quiet surroundings of a ten-room townhouse.

GEOFFREY MORRIS



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# TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 A | 2 J | 3 M | 4 D | 5 I | 6 Q | 7 E | 8 N | | 9 F | 10 B | 11 K | 12 A | 13 H | 14 O | | 15 J | 16 M | 17 N | | 18 F | 19 D |
| 20 T | 21 G | 22 I | | 23 P | 24 E | | 25 K | 26 R | 27 M | 28 J | 29 A | 30 L | 31 Q | | 32 B | 33 F | | 34 H | 35 O | 36 G | |
| 37 S | 38 A | 39 N | 40 P | 41 J | 42 D | | 43 B | 44 C | | 45 L | 46 U | 47 I | 48 E | 49 Q | | 50 M | 51 J | 52 F | | 53 K | |
| 54 A | 55 N | 56 C | 57 P | 58 D | 59 J | | 60 R | 61 L | 62 H | 63 A | 64 U | 65 K | 66 G | | 67 T | 68 N | 69 D | 70 M | | 71 C | 72 B |
| 73 S | 74 J | | 75 F | 76 E | | 77 A | 78 R | 79 T | 80 U | | 81 K | 82 G | 83 D | | 84 I | 85 H | 86 E | 87 N | 88 F | 89 P | 90 O |
| 91 J | | 92 M | 93 C | 94 E | 95 H | 96 B | | 97 T | 98 Q | 99 A | | 100M | 101B | 102L | | 103C | 104F | 105K | 106S | 107P | 108J |
| | 109A | 110D | 111F | 112H | | 113P | 114K | 115I | | 116Q | 117G | 118B | 119I | | 120C | 121A | 122D | 123P | 124L | 125Q | 126J |
| | 127G | 128K | 129N | 130O | 131H | | 132T | 133R | 134F | 135D | | 136U | 137E | 138B | 139M | | 140Q | 141I | | 142P | 143U |
| 144M | | 145A | 146H | 147J | 148N | 149M | | 150C | 151G | 152I | 153R | 154E | | 155T | 156M | 157K | | 158D | 159O | 160I | |
| 161O | 162C | 163J | 164N | 165G | | 166S | 167O | 168L | 169A | 170E | | 171Q | 172N | 173F | 174L | | | | | | |

## DEFINITIONS

A. Drummer's redundant aftereffect
99 63 145 169 38 109 54 77 1 121
29 12

B. Stately Broadway hit
43 118 96 10 101 72 138 32

C. Sea creature with inflated opinion of itself
103 56 162 150 44 93 71 120

D. ABCs
42 122 135 83 158 69 110 4 19 58

E. Like some credit
170 154 94 76 48 7 137 24 86

F. Fabulous wall hangings
111 104 18 173 88 75 52 134 9 33

G. Hangover element
151 66 127 165 117 21 82 36

H. Like the broken clock?
85 131 34 95 62 13 146 112

I. Eastern state (2 words)
115 119 160 5 152 47 141 22 84

J. Vampire's haunt
28 163 51 108 59 126 41 91 2 74
15 147

K. Inhabitant of this planet
157 114 11 81 25 105 53 65 128

L. Colorful conifer
30 102 168 45 124 61 174

M. Downstate N.Y. county
50 144 70 100 92 156 149 27 16 139
3

N. Occurring from time to time
8 68 148 39 17 172 87 55 129 164

O. Clint Eastwood series
167 90 161 35 130 14 159

P. Like the rose's support
89 107 142 123 23 113 57 40

Q. Enlightened reverie
171 140 31 49 125 6 98 116

R. Closet staple
60 133 26 153 78

S. Diner's chef
37 166 73 106

T. Mapleleaf capital
79 132 155 67 97 20

U. Picture
80 143 64 136 46

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

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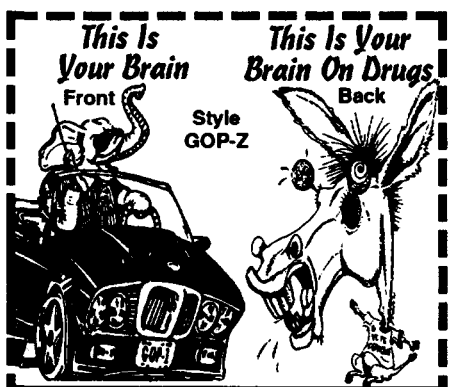


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## PRAGER

(Continued from page 47)

tagonism toward adultery are usually the more religious and conservative men—precisely the men whom many feminists regard as least sympathetic to women's concerns. And some of the most powerful supporters of the feminist agenda—e.g., Senator Edward Kennedy—have been some of the greatest womanizers.

If adultery doesn't tell us anything about a person's ability to be a good leader, does anything about a candidate's sexual life matter? I believe that in choosing a political leader, there are two relevant sexual questions: Does the person act appropriately *in public*? and What values does the person *endorse*?

In choosing public leaders, public actions and speech are what count most. Thus, for example, I would reject a married man who appeared in public with a lover. This would reveal a serious moral lapse, since it would involve a public humiliation of his wife, and it would mean that he did not recognize adultery as a sin.

And I would reject any man or woman as a potential President who did not hold that monogamous marriage was the ideal. If a candidate said that extramarital sex was acceptable, *even if he were faithful*, I could not vote for him. If he or she said that marriage and family were not ideals, even if he or she were married and had a family, I could not vote for that person.

The reason is important: What leaders advocate in terms of private behavior is more important than what they do privately. Whether they *condone* infidelity is a matter of public concern. Whether they *are* faithful is a matter between them, their spouses, and their God. □



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## The High Cost Of Courage

NEW YORK, JUNE 5

Well, did the mice ever play when the cat left town to spend ten productive days in the Far East! Yes, the whole Kennedy Clan convened in order to award Lowell Weicker, the governor of Connecticut, its annual Profile in Courage award. The award came with a speech by Senator Edward Kennedy, who ventured that "Perhaps no public figure of our time has been so vilified for a stand on principle."

What principle?

Lowell Weicker was elected governor in a very tight race during which he pledged not to support an income tax in a state that had always resisted an income tax. That was a principle. Soon after his election, he broke that pledge. The people who "vilified" him for breaking that pledge were principled, it reads here. So why do we call it vilification?

Governor Weicker time and again vetoed efforts by the legislature to diminish or to remove his new tax. Question: Why is that a sign of courage? By conventional standards, to be courageous is to do that which is correct, against the demagogic tide. Does the John F. Kennedy Library Foundation, which scans the political horizons in search of courage, detect it as a matter of course when the veto is stubbornly exercised? Are we invited to compare the legislators in Connecticut who opposed the tax with the Jacobinical mobs that led their sovereigns to the guillotine? Or were the mobs the principled parties, bent as they were on consummating their revolution?

You see, the income tax for Connecticut was in the nature of a revolution. For a generation, Connecticut was the state people pointed to as exemplary in its handling of government. Then came the long tenure of William O'Neill, the Democratic governor who preceded Lowell Weicker. He spent like a madman, and the state marched toward the indigence in which Weicker found it. A courageous governor would have insisted on lowering government overhead. Columnist Don Pesci, writing in the *Journal Inquirer* in Manchester, Conn., tells the story: "According to a recent survey by the National Governors' Association, government spending in the New England states is expected to increase by 1.9 per cent during fiscal 1993, compared to a 3.6 per cent increase nationwide. Rhode Island is seeking an 18.2 per cent cut in spending. Connecticut . . . is proposing an increase in spending of 5 per cent or more . . ." (Actually it is closer to 6 per cent.)

Governor Weicker has done nothing substantial to diminish the powers of those binding arbitrators who find almost as a routine for the unions. The two devices by which the Weicker Administration has accomplished any apparent economies have been Mickey Mouse: postponing payments to pension funds—which isn't a reduction in spending, as the state is bound to make up these payments—and rejiggering at the expense of villages and towns some of the expenses regularly handled by the state government. Under the dispensation of Lowell Weicker, Hartford now has an extra $2 billion taken from Connecticut citizens by a brand-new tax, but Hartford decreases the distribution of money back to the towns and villages that sent that money to Hartford.

"States See Connecticut Business as Ripe for Picking" was a recent headline in the *New York Times*. Indeed. Mr. Ted Levine, president of Development Counselors International, is quoted to the effect that "while companies in New York and New Jersey have long been among the prized trophies of relocation hunters, Connecticut's reputation as a low-tax state with a pro-business Yankee tradition kept many poachers at the border until the last few years."

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A little more courage from Connecticut's governor and the state will be as devastated as Massachusetts, which harbors the John F. Kennedy Library Foundation, which needed to look no further than to Beacon Hill to find authentic courage in Governor William Weld, who might just rescue Massachusetts from the fate of Governor Dukakis, whose courage got him the Democratic nomination for President of the party of Teddy Kennedy, which has been vilified by the overwhelming majority of the voters of America ever since 1980. □

## What Does Perot Think of Legal Pot?

NEW YORK, JUNE 8

In order to qualify these days as alert to topical affairs, one needs to mention . . . the name; and accordingly I establish my bona fides by asking, What does Ross Perot think about legalizing pot?

Followed by two stories. The first, a letter from a stranger who lives in Nebraska. He knows how to get to the point: "I don't smoke cigarettes or drink alcoholic beverages. I eat a well-balanced diet and exercise regularly. I am active in my church and contribute to almost every charity that asks. I don't cheat on my taxes or on my wife, and I have children who are healthy physically, mentally, and spiritually. I have a job that I enjoy and earn a very respectable living. And I could be arrested tomorrow. Why? Because 3 or 4 times a month on a Friday or Saturday night after the kids are in bed, I like to slip out to the garage and smoke a joint. I then take a shower, raid the refrigerator, and drink 2 cans of diet pop while watching late-night TV. I feel fine the next morning and hurt no one. I have only one question: 'Why is this illegal?' "

And then from a column written for the *New York Observer* by Richard Brookhiser. He is being treated with chemotherapy for cancer and suffers a hideous nausea which is relieved—only by marijuana. Procured for him by his wife, a psychotherapist.

Is he . . . drug inclined? "My wife and I, you must understand, live on an island of normality. We are not the protagonists of *Brightness Falls*. Our friends and associates are as bourgeois as ourselves. I can't even say that all this takes us back



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to the Sixties, because for us, drug-wise there was so little of the Sixties to be taken back to. I smoked pot a dozen times in four years [at college]. Unlike Bill Clinton, I inhaled. It made some things, like Arthur Rubinstein's performance of the E-Flat Nocturne, particularly vivid. But no strange new suns rose in the mind's sky, the macaws of consciousness left no feathers in the crow's-nests of reality, and I let the experience pass as one of the encounters of adolescence, like sideburns or success with women. My wife, for her part, believes in the Examined Life, and she believes in examining it by the light of day, not by the signal flares of chemicals."

The dope fiend from Nebraska goes on: "Hemp is a gateway drug? Not in my case. After what I've read, I have no desire to try anything stronger. Our current policy of classifying hemp, crack, and heroin as equivalent evils would seem to do more harm than good." Laws against pot "keep it out of the hands of young people? Totally wrong. Ask any student in America if it's easier to get an ounce of grass or a pint of gin."

On this point Mr. Brookhiser concurs, with an interesting qualification. "All in all, an excellent adventure, unless some agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration with nothing better to do (and do they have anything better to do?) should decide to hale us before the bar of justice. Except—that it is insane. Insane that I can't buy the stuff at the pharmacy. Insane that a common chemical with a proven medical use should be obtainable only at inflated prices and by committing crimes, or with prescriptions only less difficult to get than the code that activates the Football."

Everyone, then, agrees that the drug is easy to procure and that it is far less dangerous to mental health than, say, marrying into the British Royal Family. But Mr. Brookhiser closes his complaint with a reminiscence that tugs at the conscience. "Several months ago, I sat on a jury that heard a case of possession of cocaine with intent to sell. The defendant was strictly small-time. . . . His clients were not relieving symptoms of illness or reading *Under Milk Wood*. He was guilty as sin, and we so found. I know all the differences between his case and mine. I believe in obeying laws, even unjust ones, so long as they do not compel the commission of injustices, and unless there is an urgent and clearly just reason for breaking them. I have one, he didn't. And yet.

"And yet there is so much that is wrong with the present drug laws, including now my own relationship to them, that the next time I have a chance to sit as a peer of an alleged violator, I think I will respectfully decline."

A nice point. Let him who has not sinned cast the first stone. We await breathlessly the opinion of Mr. Perot on the above. □

## *When Do We Stop the Killing?*

NEW YORK, JUNE 10

Necessarily the arguments will continue at a lofty level on the theme: What do we do about on-going genocide?—even if that is not exactly the right word for what the Serbs are attempting to do to the Bosnians et al. The beleaguered Bosnians begged the United States military to bomb the hills from which the Serb military was raining down bombs on Sarajevo with an intensity not equaled in Europe since the world war. President Bush said that the United States military would not engage in the action in Yugoslavia, and there is strong doctrinal support for his position.

If he wished to, one can't doubt the President has the authority to act. It is a masterpiece of irony that the action centers on Sarajevo, where in 1914 an assassination took place that triggered a war that ended with 15 million soldiers dead. We are not going to see a repetition of that because the European powers are not massed against each other, but there could be a lot of people involved, if the Yugoslav war spreads out into a Macedonian–Greek–Turkish imbroglio. It is the purpose of statecraft to abort crisis, and the time to act is sooner rather than later: though Mr. Bush has every justification for insisting that responsibility for action belongs to our allies in Europe.

But Mr. Bush can't easily pull out of our responsibility to the Kurds. The latest report to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, brought in by staff member Peter Galbraith, gives us an idea of what have been the consequences of our neglect of the Kurdish question. To remind those with convenient memories, Mr. Bush invited dissidents from the rule of Saddam Hussein to rise up against him. In the north, the Kurdish rebels did exactly that, and what followed is a horror tale that brings to mind Cambodia, and other holocausts.

Mr. Galbraith went at Eastertime to Kurdistan. It was his third trip in two years and he has now developed intimate ties with critical members of the resistance. He went this last time specifically on a mission: to rescue from destruction a cache of documents establishing the behavior of the Iraqis toward the Kurds. Mr. Galbraith succeeded in rounding up by no means all the relevant documents, but one set of them is huge: twenty cubic meters.

It is hard to know what impulse causes people to chronicle their barbarities. The Nazis were neat on this point beyond belief, and conveniently provided their prosecutors in the days ahead with all the information needed to document their infamy.

Consider this sample, pulled at random from one of the Kurdish files. It begins with the interrogation of a shepherd found by the Iraqis in the "prohibited zone." This constitutes most of Kurdistan. The order went out in 1988 from Saddam Hussein's cousin, Ali Hassan Majid, decreeing the area off-limits to man or beast: anyone found there would be executed. Rather like issuing an order that no New Englander could occupy Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, or Maine. Ali Hassan, by the way, is currently the minister of defense of the regime we theoretically conquered a year and one-half ago.

So the Iraqis come upon a 16-year-old boy:

**Q.** How were you captured?

**A.** I was grazing my sheep.

**Q.** What is your connection with Bahadin Ali [et al.]?

**A.** I don't have any connection with them, except we live in the same village.

**Q.** Are there any saboteurs from your area, and who are they?

**A.** I don't know any saboteurs.

**Q.** Do you know your presence in these areas is prohibited, and you will be dealt with according to the law?

**A.** We know it is forbidden, but our only intention is to graze our sheep.

"On the right-hand side of this one-page interrogation sheet," Mr. Galbraith reports, "is the signature of the interrogation officer. On the left is an ink fingerprint. As all the shepherds were illiterate, all signed their forms this way. After the confession, the file contains a message directing the Secret Police to carry out instructions . . . A little later in the yellow folder is a green death certificate issued by the local hospital. [It] lists execution as the cause of death."

Iraq signed the Genocide Convention in 1959. Under its terms, all signatories are bound to punish those guilty of this crime. Thanks to the Senate Committee, we have the evidence safely in hand.

So what now? □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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# She Dies in the End

I GET the distinct impression that feminists don't like strong, healthy specimens of womanhood. They're forever ransacking history in search of "role models," but they always seem to ignore the fine strapping girls and focus on the kind who fit my grandmother's definition of a good movie: "She dies in the end."

Take, for example, their virtual blackout of Eleanor of Aquitaine (1122–1204), Queen of France and England, who lived to be 82 in the twelfth century, *sans* mammograms, *sans* Pap smears, *sans* everything. You would think such an indestructible old rip would do feminists proud, but they have avoided her like the plagues and poxes she never caught. Their aim is to make women "feel better about themselves," so they obsess over the welts and weals of Fredegund of Thuringia, dead at 17, a victim of medieval diaper rash whose chastity belt killed her.

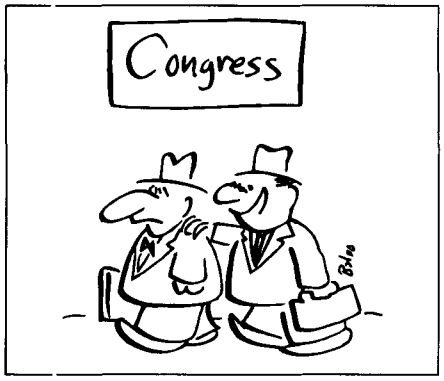
The same thing has happened in the realm of mental health. The women's studies crowd has snubbed Charlotte Corday, the slip of a girl with nerves of steel who single-handedly conceived and carried out the assassination of Jean-Paul Marat during the French Revolution. What do feminists want? Charlotte stabbed a white male in his bathtub, for God's sake, and was such a brick on the scaffold that the executioner, infuriated by her unfeminine stoicism, slapped the face of her severed head.

But bricks don't sit well with feminists. They much prefer nervous wrecks like Alice James, or those frayed women writers like Jean Stafford, who, in the words of one critic, "read her glowing reviews behind locked doors at Payne Whitney."

Woman as picture of health had a brief day in the sun during the early years of feminism, when Ashley Montagu's *The Natural Superiority of Women* was still in vogue and there was no one else to quote. For a while feminists crowed that women live longer than men, are less susceptible to color-blindness and dyslexia, and withstand cold temperatures better, but they soon began to sound hollow and dispirited, if not downright bored. This was not the stuff of girltalk.

Then came the abortion debate, the crisis over the dangerous side-effects of the Pill, the crisis over the dangers of IUDs, and the crisis over the dangers of synthetic estrogen. This was more like it. Describing their aches and pains at congressional hearings opened up a heretofore unimaginable world of pelvic politics; instead of laying a guilt trip on one man in the privacy of their homes, they could wear down a tableful of men on television.

It took the Los Angeles riots to dislodge silicone implants as the lead story on the evening news. Night after night we watched rubber-gloved hands squeezing liquid beanbags and performing blood-drenched open-breast surgery during what Sam Donaldson calls "the dinner hour." At congressional hearings, as women recited the history of their lumps and described in detail how it feels to be a vessel of leaking, seeping, dripping silicone, the faces of the trapped congressmen left little doubt that they were secretly thinking what Hemingway came right out and said: "It's being sick that makes them act so bloody awful and it's because they're sick that you can't treat them as you should. You can always trade one healthy woman in on another. But start with a sick woman and see where you get."




*"Hey, that was just a speech—we don't really have to face reality!"*

As a final fillip, Sam's Dinner Hour carried a story that Berengaria of Westphalia and Elfrida of Northumbria would be hard put to match: the Texas woman who was in such silicone agony that she slashed her breasts and threatened to yank out her implants unless her insurance company agreed to pay for the operation.

L.A. burned down the same week this story broke. Remember that, the next time somebody starts talking about "root causes." If South-Central had to be incinerated to get Gundrun of East Anglia off the tube, then so be it.

Female invalidism, real or simulated, has had a much too long and successful history to pick up its chaise longue and go quietly into the feminist night. When the Victorian woman pretended to be sick to avoid sex, illness as female metaphor took root in the male mind. Woman's physical weakness came to imply spiritual strength, as if a compensating Nature had drained all the health from her body and transferred it to her soul, thus making her morally superior to the sturdy male—a dichotomy that came to full flower in the character of Melanie Wilkes: "She never had any strength, she never had anything but heart."

THIS KIND of quasi-sainthood is looking better and better in today's sexually savage world, where the warning Margaret Mead issued in 1970—"Women's liberation has to be terribly conscious of the danger of provoking men to kill women. You have quite literally driven them mad"—has come true.

Illness is to women what "fear-grinning" is to baboons: a way to disarm dangerous Alpha males. If women are once again instinctively using illness as protective coloration, it is a subconscious way of saying that they want their moral superiority back. That they seem to be placing special emphasis on pelvic and mammary disorders should come as no surprise. After all, when you think about it, there is nothing more feminine than "female trouble."

—FLORENCE KING

*Miss King is the author of* With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy *(St. Martin's).*



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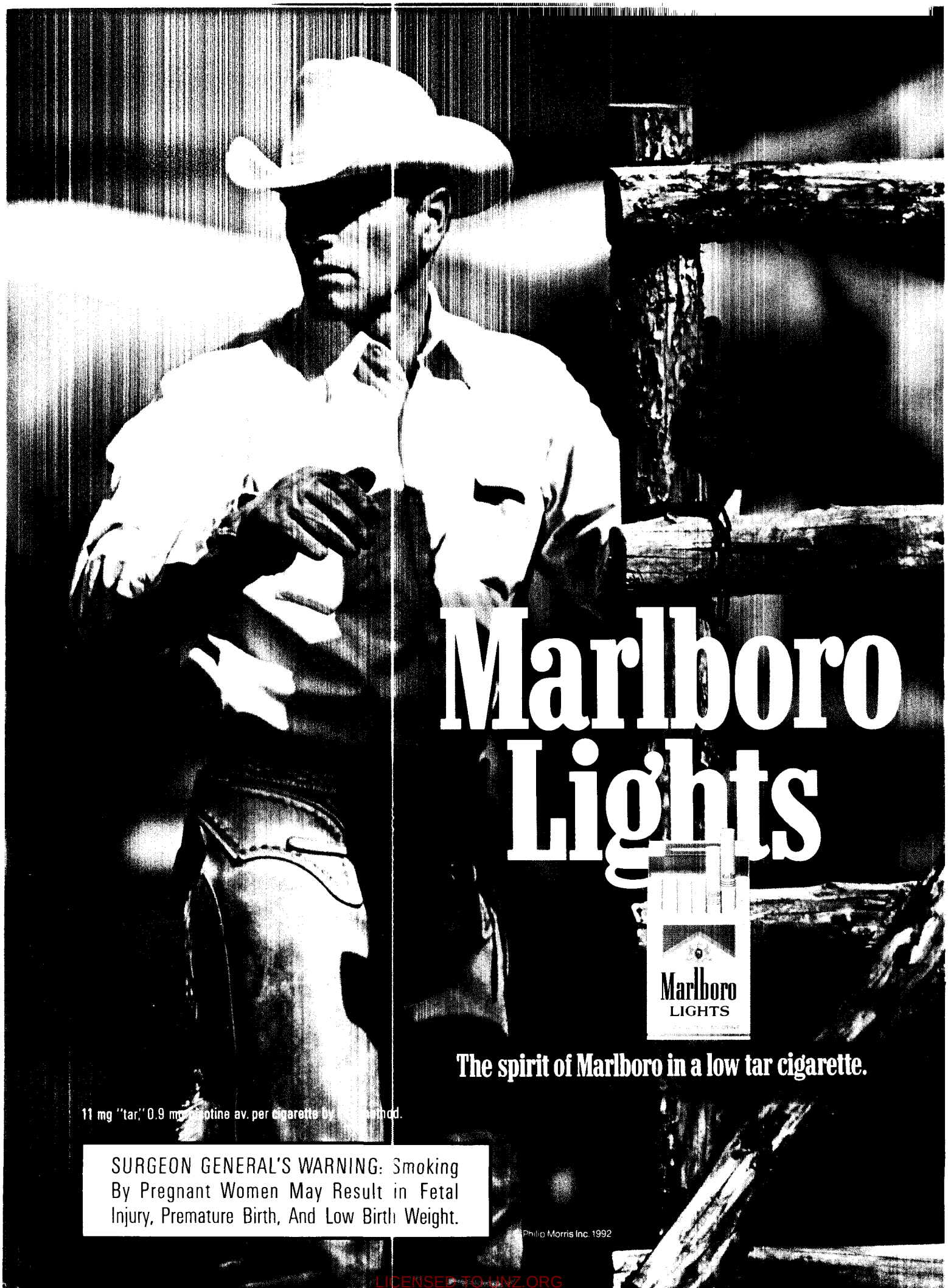
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